

CHAP. XXVIII.

**T**HIS Chapter contains many general Observations of Impiety, and of Religious Integrity, &c.

CHAP. XXIX.

**I**N this Chapter Solomon maketh many Observations about publick and private Government. He also maketh Observations on Anger, Pride, Thievery, Cowardice, and of Unrighteousness.

CHAP. XXX.

**T**HIS Chapter contains Agur's Confession of his Faith, and the Two Points of his Prayer. It also sheweth that mean Men are not to be wronged: Also Four wicked Generations, and of Four Things that are never Satisfied. That Parents are not to be despised: Four Things hard to be known, Four Things exceeding Wise, and of Four Things very stately in going. And that Wrath is to be prevented.

CHAP. XXXI.

**T**HIS Chapter contains Lemuel's Lesson of Chastity and Temperance. That the Afflicted are to be Comforted, and Defended. Together with the praise and properties of a good Wife.

*The End of the First BOOK.*

Deabers

# Heaven on Earth;

OR, THE

## Beauty of Holiness.

### BOOK. II.

CONTAINING,

The SONG of SONGS, which is the SONG of King SOLOMON.

Composed in English VERSE;

And Set to MUSICK.

TOGETHER,

With various HYMNS, ANTHEMS, and CANTONS on several Occasions. With EXPOSITORY NOTES on the Whole.

Composed in Two, Three, and Four Musical PARTS according to the most Authentick Rules, and set down in SCORE for Voice or Instrument.

By WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Barns, in Surry. Author of *The Melody of the Heart*, and *The Harmony of SIGNS*.

Hear this. ALL ye People: Give Ear. ALL ye Inhabitants of the World.— My Mouth shall SING of Wisdom; and the Meditation of my Heart shall MUNE of Understanding. Psal. lxxx. 6.

LONDON:

Printed by A. PEARSON, for S. BIRT, at the Bible and Ball, in Ave-Mary Lane. Also Sold by the AUTHOR. M.DCC.XXXVIII.

*Ingenious Practitioners,*

**T**HE *Figures* that are fixed over the *Notes* of the *Basses*, of all the *Tunes* in the several Parts of this **B O O K**, (when *Vocally* perform'd to Perfection,) do so augment to the *Harmony*, that there is no Deficiency in the Fullness thereof in such *Tunes* as are set in *Three Parts*, from those that are set in *Four Parts*: Which *Notes* may be perform'd as an *Inner-Part*, where an *Organ* is wanting; if some of the *Tenor* be sung as a *Treble*, in the *Octave* above, &c.

Observe, That on such *Notes* where nothing is figur'd, your Part may joyn with any one of the *Inner-Parts*, that does not make a *Consecution* of *Perfects* of one kind together from the *Bass*, &c.

This Part so figur'd, is most respective to the *Organ*, &c. which Part must be *vocally* perform'd with great Care and Judgment.

\*.\* Those *Figures* which are set over the first, and last *Notes* of the *Upper-Parts*, serve to direct the Performer both to the *Pitch*, and also to the *Endings* of all *Parts* of the *Concert*: Which *Figures* shews the *Concords* of all the *Parts* from the *Ground*, or *Bass*, &c. And that in *Tunes* of *Three* and *Four Parts*, the *Inner-parts* may be omitted, and sung but in *two Parts*; when *Voices* are deficient: In the Performance of which *Concert* a *Bassoon* never ought to be wanting.

Yours, W. Tans'ur.

THE  
SONG of Songs:  
OR,  
The SONG of SOLOMON;  
Commonly called The BOOK of CANTICLES,  
In English Verse.  
AND  
Set to MUSIC.

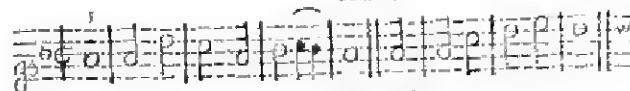
By MR. WILLIAM TANS'UR.

CHAP. I.

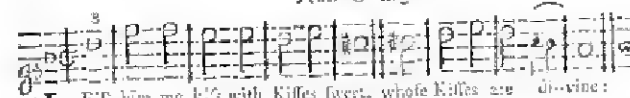
A Type of the Churches Love to Christ:  
Signifying every faithful Soul.

St. Luke's Tune: Compos'd in Three Parts. W. T.

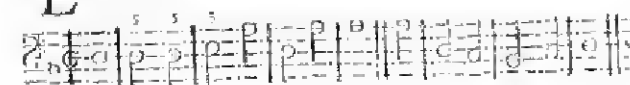
*Cantus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*

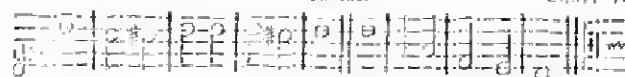


L ET him me kiss with Kisses sweet, whose Kisses are di-vine:



Cantus.

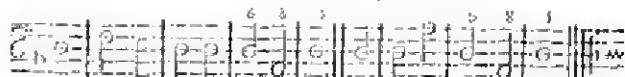
CHAP. I.



Tenor &amp; Bass



His Love and Favour is to me, Yea, better far than Wine.



- 3 Ev'n as an Ointment poured forth,  
So is thy Saviour pure:  
Therefore the *Kingins* thee do love,  
Thou loved art most sure.

Child's precious  
Breasts are as  
Sweet Ointments.

- 4 Draw me, I'll run; the *King* hath brought  
Me to his *Paradise*:  
We will rejoice in thee, and keep  
Thy Love far more than Wine.

I have to seek  
Christ, and keep  
his Love.

- 5 I'm *Black*, but comely, O *Daughters*  
Of *Salem*, and as one  
Of *Kedar's* Tents, and the Curtains  
Of *Wine* *Solomon*.

The Church,  
dwelling in  
Jerusalem.

- 6 Look not on me, because I'm *Black*,  
The *Sea* doth me respect:  
My *Sister* made me *Vineyards* keep,  
Mine own I did neglect.

Omn.

- 7 \* Tell me, O thou, whom I do love,  
Where thy *Black* doth abide:  
Why should I be as One that turns  
By thy Companion's Side?

The Church  
prays to be af-  
fected to her  
Flock.

F. If

CHAP. I.

Child directeth  
her to the Shep-  
herd's Tent.

7. If thou know'st not, O thou most fair,  
Among all *Women* kind:  
Go by the *Foot-steps* of the *Flock*,  
By th' *Tents*, thou feed shalt find.

8.

8. I have compared thee, my Love,  
To *Pharaoh's* Horses fine:  
Thy *Cheeks* are comely, and thy Neck  
With *Chains of Gold* do shine.

Child directeth  
his Love and  
Strength to the  
Church.

9. We will thee costly *Borders* make,  
Of precious, shining *Gold*:  
With *silver* Studs, we'll thee adorn,  
Most comely so behold.

And gives her gra-  
tious Promises.

10. \* Whilst the *King* at his Table sits,  
(Whole I honour doth excell):  
My *Spikenard*, instantly doth move,  
And sendeth forth its Smell.

The Church and  
Child congratu-  
late one another.

11. As *Myrror*, my Well-beloved is,  
To Me he gives Delight:  
And he shall lie between my *Breasts*,  
I'll hug him all the Night.

Myrror meaneth  
his Holiness.

12. My Well-beloved, is to me  
Ev'n as a *Cluster* (high):  
Of *Gyppre*, or *Campfire*, within  
The *Vineyard* *Engedi*.

The Grapes of  
Engedi, meaneth  
blessing Health.

13. Behold, thou art most fair, my Love,  
In thee *Dove's* Eyes are seen:  
Thou pleasant art, O my Belov'd;  
Also our Bed is green.

Child's Love to  
the Church.

14. The Blessed Beams, ev'n of our House,  
Are made of *Cedar* bright:  
The *Rafters*, they are made of *Fir*:  
Oh place of Heavenly Light!

The Beauty of the  
Church.

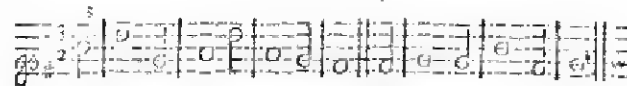
CHAP.

## C H A P. II.

1. The mutual Love of Christ and his Church, which  
is as beautiful as the Lilly among Thorns.

St. James's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

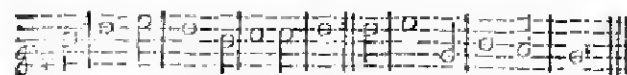
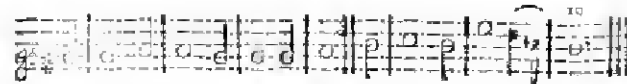
Cantus.



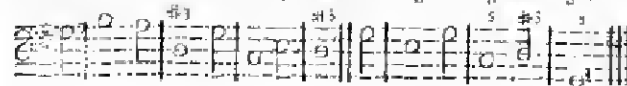
Tenor & Bass.



1. As the Rose of Sharon, And like as the Lily white



2. As in among Thorns, So is my Love, A-mong the Daughters bright.



3. Like to the Apple-Tree, among  
The Trees of the Field:  
So is my Love among the Sons;  
A Tree most sweet and good.

Or, of Apples in  
the Wood.

3. Under

## C H A P. 2.

Under the Shadow, down I sit,  
With Joy, which was most meet:  
His Face was comely to behold,  
And to my Taste most sweet.

Meaning the  
True Love, De-  
sires.

4. He brought me to the Banquet, and  
Did his Affection move:  
5. Stay me with Flagons, comfort me,  
For I am sick of Love.

Meaning the  
Holy Communion.

6. His Left-Hand, doth my Head support,  
Yea, under it hath Place:  
His Right-Hand doth me safely aid,  
Also doth me embrace.

Christ's Love and  
Aid to the  
Church.

7. O Daughters of Jerusalem,  
I charge ye, by the Lord:  
That ye not stir, nor wake my Love,  
'Till he to wake's inclin'd.

The Jews, who  
Murmured at the  
Church, and  
her state.

8. The Voice of my beloved One,  
Behold he cometh nigh!  
Leaping, and Skipping, on the Hills,  
And Tops of Places high.

The Hope of  
Christ.

9. My Well-belov'd, is like a Roe,  
Or like as a Young Hart:  
Behold, he stands behind our Wall,  
His Eyes to th' Windows dart.

The coming of  
Christ, under the  
Name of a Roe,  
or Hart, looking  
thru' the Grates  
of a Window.

10. My Well-belov'd, unto me spake,  
And thus to me did say:  
Rise up my Love, my fair One, rise,  
Rise up, and come away.

Christ calling to  
the Church.

11. For lo, the Winter it is past,  
The Rain is over gone:  
12. The Flowers appear, the Turtle's heard,  
The Singing Birds are come,

He comforts her,  
and she is glad,  
and the Church  
and her state  
was blessed.

11.

- 13 The *Fig-tree*, and the *Vine* puts forth,  
The *Grape* is fine and gay :  
Arise my *Love*, my fair *One*, rise,  
Arise, and come away.

12.

- 14 O thou my *Dove*, that art in *Clefts*  
Of *Rocks*, let me thee see :  
Thy Voice is sweet, let me it hear,  
Thou comely art to me.

13.

- 17 Take us the *Foxes*, that do spoil  
The *Vines*, which are our Joy :  
Yea, take the *Little Foxes*, that  
Our tender *Grapes* destroy.

14.

- 18 \* My Well-beloved, he is mine,  
And I am his Delight :  
I do him love, and he doth feed  
Among the *Lillies*, white.

15.

- 27 'Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,  
Turn my Beloved, nigh :  
And be thou like a *Roe*, or *Hart*,  
On *Bether's* Mountains high,

## CHAP. 2.

Christ's Church.

The Church  
hides her self in  
the Rocks from  
Christ, because  
of her Sin.

First, the  
Church's Com-  
mune being mal-  
ligned to destroy.

The Protection of  
the Church.

Her Faith, &  
Hope.

## C H A P.

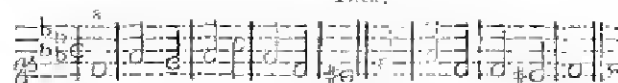
## C H A P. III.

The Churches fight, and Victory in Temptation.

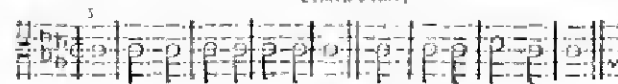
i. e. The Church freeeth Christ.

St. Paul's Tune : Composed in four Parts. W. T.

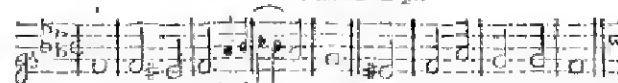
Tutti.



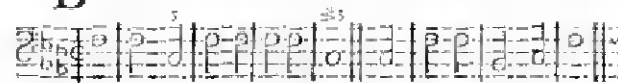
Centre Tenor.



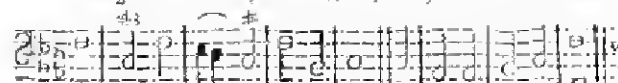
Tenor &amp; Bass.



**B** Y Night, upon my Bed, I sought Him whom I lov'd most fond:



I sought him whom my soul hath lov'd, But yet have not him found.



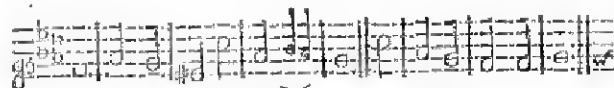
T

2. F. R.

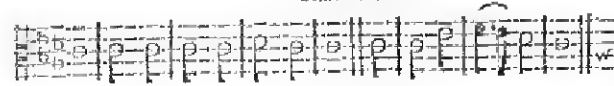
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CHAP. 3.

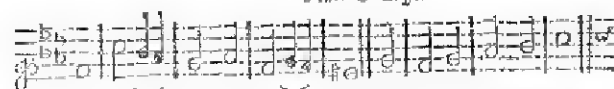
Treble.



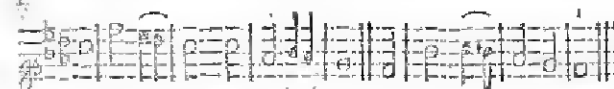
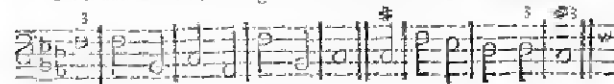
Canto-Tenor.



Tenor &amp; Bass.



2 I'll now a—rise, and go a—bout The Ci—ty, and the Street :



I will him seek, whom I do love, I've sought, but can't him meet.



3 The

CHAP. 3.

3. The *Watch-men* that do wander in  
The *City* saw me there :  
To whom I said, have ye *saw him*,  
Whom my *Soul loveth dear* ?

She searcheth after  
Christ.

4. I passed farther, and him found,  
And would not let him go :  
I held him fast, 'till I him brought,  
My *Mother's House* into.

The Church bring  
her self with  
Christ.

5. O *Daughters of Jerusalem*,  
I charge you by the *Lord* :  
That ye not stir, nor wake my *Love*,  
'Till he to *Wake's inclin'd*.

Daughters Men-  
bers of the  
Church, disturb  
him not.

6. Who cometh from the *Wilderness*,  
Ev'n like as *Smack*, from thence ?  
Perfum'd with all the *Powders* of  
Sweet *Myrrh*, and *Frankincense*.

Christ deliver  
her out of the  
Wilderness of  
Affliction, like  
Smack, perfum'd  
with Myrrh, &c.

7. Behold his *Bed*, ev'n *Solomon's*,  
About the same doth dwell  
Ev'n fourscore able, valiant Men,  
Yea, Men of *Israel*.

Christ shows her  
his Place of Rest :  
and how it is  
guard'd.

8. They all hold *Swords*, and are well skill'd  
In *War* : and Men of *Might* :  
Each hath his *Sword*, for to defend,  
And guard safe all the *Night*.

The Church's  
Guard.

9. A *Chariot Solomon* hath made,  
Of Wood of *Lebanon* :  
Its *Pillars* are of *Silver* bright,  
And *Gold* they stand upon.

The Beauty of  
the Church.

10. The *Cov'ring*, is of *Purple* pare  
With *Ornaments* above :  
For *Daughters of Jerusalem*,  
The *Midd* is pav'd with *Love*.

Love, the  
Church's Beauty.

T 2

11 Go

11. Go forth, ye Daughters of Zion,  
View *Solomon's* Crown, most bright:  
Ev'n that wherewith his *Mother* crown'd  
Him in th' *espousal* Night.  
To Father, Son, &c.

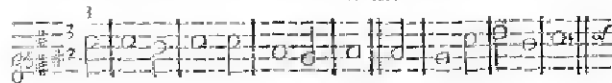
The Glory of  
the Church.

## CHAP. IV.

Christ sheweth the Graces of the Church by  
Comparison.

St. Phillip's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

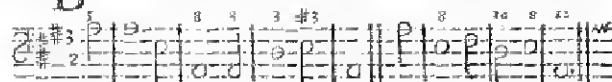
Cantata.



Tenor & Bass.



Behold thou'rt fair, my Love, thou hast *Dove's* Eyes within thy Lids:



Thy Hair is like as *ma-ny* Goats, Ev'n such as *Gilead's* Flocks:



2 Thy

2. Thy *Teeth*, are like a *Flock*, new thorn,  
That do from washing come:  
Whereof, they ev'ry one bear Twins,  
And Barren there are none.
3. Thy *Lips* are like a scarlet *Thread*,  
Thy *Speech* it doth invite:  
Likewise thy sacred *Temples*, they  
Are as *Pomegranates* like.
4. Thy *Neck* is like to *David's* Tower,  
Built for an *Arm'ry* bright:  
Whereon doth hang a thousand Shields,  
And *Arms* of Men of Might.
5. Thy *Breasts*, are like as two Young *Roes*,  
That are a Twin-like Pair:  
Ev'n like such *Roes* as always feed  
Among the *Lillies* fair.
6. 'Till the Day break, and Shadows they,  
Do flee away from hence:  
I'll get to the Mountain of *Myrrh*,  
And Hill of *Frankincense*.
7. O thou my Love, O thou art fair,  
And comely unto me!  
Thou art most pure, O thou my Love!  
There is no Spot in thee.
8. \* Come, come with me, from *Lebanon*,  
My *Spouse*, come, and look from  
The Tops of *Amara*, *Shenir*,  
*Mountains*, and from *Hermon*.
9. O thou hast ravished my Heart,  
My *Spouse*, thou dost surprize!  
One of thy Chains have ravish'd me,  
My *Sister*, with thy Eyes.

The Church.

The Church.

The Church.

The Church.

The Church's  
Faith and Hope.

The Church  
desires Christ un-  
spotted.

Christ shows his  
Love to the  
Church.

The Church at-  
tains Christ.

10. How fair's thy *Love*, O thou my *Sponse* !  
My *Sister* most divine !  
O how much better is thy *Love* !  
And *Ointment* more than *Wine*.

11. Thy *Lips*, my *Sponse*, as *Honey* drop,  
Milk is under thy *Tongue* :  
Thy *Garments* they do faull, ev'n as  
The *Sweets* of *Lebanon*.

12. Like to a *Garden* closed up,  
So is my *Sister* dear :  
My *Sponse* is as a *Spring* shut close,  
Or sealed *Fountain* dear.

13. Thy *Plants*, they are an Orchard of  
*Pomegranates*, to behold :  
With *Spikenard*, *Campfire* and all *Fruits*,  
That are more worth than *Gold*.

14. *Spikenard*, and *Saffron*, *Colamns*,  
And all that sweet doth smell :  
With *Cinnamon*, and *Frankincense*,  
And All that *Tongue* can tell.

15. A *Fountain* of rich *Gardens* great,  
*Waters*, that never die :  
And *Streams* that come from *Lebanon*,  
And *Places* joyning nigh.

16. \* Awake *North-wind*, also the *South*,  
Upon my *Garden* blow :  
(Let my *Beloved* come and call,  
That *Spirits* out may flow.

## CHAP. 4.

The Sweetest  
of the Church.Meaning the Bo-  
dy of the Church.Meaning the  
Soul of the  
Faithful.The Body of the  
Church compri-  
sed.

Te all Sweet,

The Church  
call'd Ch-16 a  
Fountain of Li-  
ving Waters.The Church  
praying to be dis-  
tast for Christ's  
Visitation.

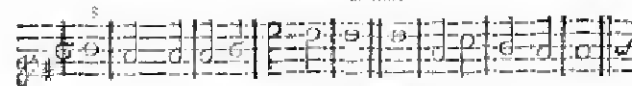
## CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

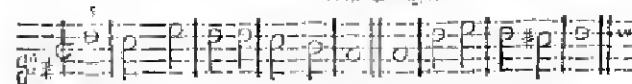
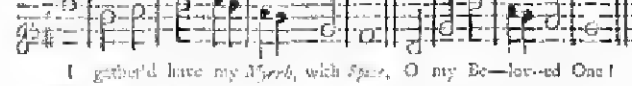
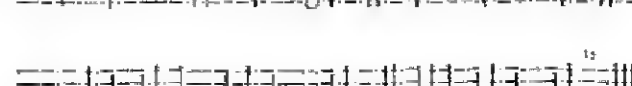
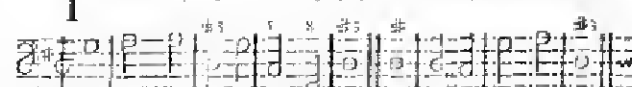
1. Christ awaketh the Church with his calling the  
*Faithful*.

St. Saviour's Tune : Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

Cantus.



Tune of Basso.

I'M come, my *Sister*, and my *Sponse*, I'm to my *Garden* come :I gather'd have my *Wine*, with *Spirit*, O my Be-lov-ed One !

I've drank my *Wine*, with *Meat*, O eat  
My *Friends*, of *Wine* partake :  
Yea, drink abundantly, ev'n for  
My Well-beloved's sake.

Calling them to a  
Banquet of his  
Bounty.



3.  
1 \* I slept, but yet my Heart slept not,  
Thus calling, said my Love :  
Open my Love, my *unleſt*d,  
My *ſiſter*, and my *Dore*.

4.  
For ev'n my *Head* is fill'd with *Dew*,  
As *Drops* of *Silver* bright :  
Likewiſe my *Locks*, are fill'd with  
The *Chriſtial Drops* of *Night*.

5.  
1 I have my *Coat* put off, how ſhall  
I put it on again ?  
I waſhed have my *Feet* to clean,  
That clean they will remain.

6.  
4 Then thro' the *Door-hole* ev'n there wat,  
The *Hand* of my *True-love* :  
My *Heart* did melt, it alſo cauſ'd  
My *Bowels* for to move.

7.  
5 I roſe to open to my *Love*,  
And my *Hands* drop'd great *Stare*,  
Of *Myrrh*, and *Frankincenſe*, upon  
The *Handle* of the *Door*.

8.  
6 I open'd to my *Well-belov'd*,  
My *Soul* ſunk when *he* ſpoke :  
I ſought *him*, found not ; call'd, but *he*  
Did me no answer make.

9.  
7 The *Watch-men*, that i'th' *City* was,  
Me found, and did me ſtrike :  
The *Keeper* took away my *Fell*,  
Which I did much diſlike.

10.  
1 O *Daughters* of *Jeruſalem*,  
I charge you all above :  
If ye ſhould find my *Love*, him tell,  
That I am ſick of *Love*.

## CHAP. 5.

Sleep, and Calling,  
to open from  
Love.

Chriſt ſpeaketh,  
and ſaith ſhall his  
Locks be ſweet  
with the Dew of  
the Night.

Chriſt is free  
from Sin.

The Church  
cometh ſeek  
for Chriſt.

The Church  
opens with Zeal  
to Chriſt.

Chriſt is heard,  
but not known.

When Chriſt is  
ſeek, we fall  
into the Hands  
of our Teachers.

The Church is  
ſick for Chriſt.

## CHAP. 5.

A Deſcription  
of Chriſt, by his  
Grace.

11.  
9 \* O what is thy *Beloved* more  
Than any *die* above ?  
That thou doſt give ſo ſtrict a *Charge*,  
That we ſhould tell thy *Love* !

12.  
10 My *Well-beloved* is the beſt,  
Of *Thouſands* to behold :

11 He's *white* and *red*, with *black* *Locks*,  
His *Head*'s as ſweet *Cold*.

13.  
12 \* His *Eyes*, are clean, and ſilly *Ro*,  
As the *Eyes* of a *Dove* :

13 His *Cheeks*, and *Lips*, are *Spice*, and *Flow'rs*,  
Such *Sweetneſs* has my *Love*.

14.  
14 His *Hands*, as *Rings* in *Beryl* ſet,  
His *Belly*'s *ſe'ry* bright :  
His *Locks*, is ev'n as *Lebanon*,

15 His *Legs*, as *Marble* white,

15.  
16 He altogether *lovely* is,  
His *Mouth* doth *Sweetneſs* vend :  
O *Daughters* of *Jeruſalem*,  
This is my *Love* and *Friend*.

Chriſt is eſteem'd  
above all by the  
Church.

The Church's  
Deſcription of  
Chriſt.

Chriſt's Beauti-  
ful.

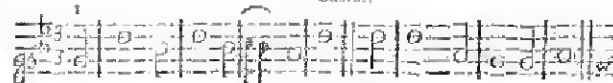
Chriſt, the ſeek'd  
Friend.

## CHAP. VI.

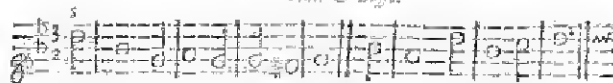
The Church sheweth her Faith in Christ.

St. Austin's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

Cantus.



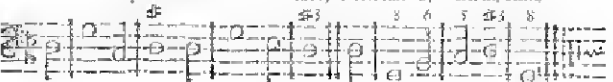
Tenor &amp; Bass.



Where is my be-lov-ed gone? Or where shall I him find?



That we may seek him ev'n with thee, Most fair of women Kind!



2. My Love is to the Garden gone,  
To th' Beds of Spices sweet:  
Within the Gardens for to feed,  
Among the Lillies neat.

Christ is absent,  
yet loved.

3. My Well-beloved, he is mine,  
And I am his Delight:  
I do him love and he doth feed  
Amongst the Lillies white.

The Church's  
Confidence in  
Christ.

4. As Tirzah, thou art beautiful,  
And ev'n as Salem bright:  
And as an Army terrible,  
My Love hath such a Light.

Christ shows the  
Graces of the  
Church.

5. O turn thine Eyes away from me,  
They me o'ercome; thy Locks  
Of Hair they are yea, like as Goats:  
Ev'n such as Gilead's Flocks.

The Church re-  
sisteth Christ.

6. Thy Teeth, are like a Flock of Sheep,  
That do from washing come:  
Whereof, they ev'ry One are Twins,  
And Barren there are none.

The Church's  
Beauty.

7. Thy Locks, are as a Pomegranate,  
Most lovely to behold:  
8. There's three-score Queens, and four-score hand,  
And Virgins, can't be told.

The Church's

9. My undefiled is but One.  
Ev'n she her Member rais'd:  
The Daughters saw her, and her blest,  
Harlots, and Queens her prais'd.

All do love the  
Church.

10. O who is he that looketh forth,  
Like as the Sun so soon?  
And as an Army terrible,  
And fair ev'n as the Moon,

Christ sheweth  
his Love to the  
Church: with  
its Beauty.

11. I went to the Garden of Nuts,  
Ev'n where the Fruit is flood:  
To see if the Vine flourish'd, and  
To see Pomegranates bud.

Christ cometh to  
view the  
Church's Zest.

12. Before that I was well aware,  
Or knew not, then my Soul  
Made me like to the Chariots of  
Luminities; (most whole.)

The Church's  
revel'd with  
Christ.

12.

13 Return, return, O *Shulamite*,  
That we may look on thee:  
What will ye see i'th *Shulamite*?  
As *Armites* Company.

Chap. 6.

The Church  
callec'h her Flock.

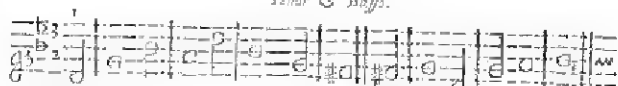
## C H A P. VII.

1 The *Graces of the Church* described.St. *Asaph's* Tune: Composed in *Three Parts*. W. T.

Cantus.



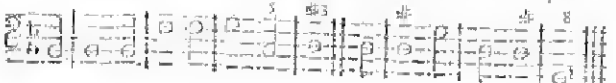
Tenor &amp; Bass.



How comely are thy Feet, with *Shoes*, O *Princess* Daughter, fair!



Thy *Thighs* are ev'n as *Jewels* bright, No *Work* can them compare.



2 Thy

2.

CHAP. 7.

Thy *Navel's* like a *Goblet*, round,  
As set in *Marble* bright:  
Thy *Belly's* as an *Heap* of *Wheat*,  
That's set with *Lillies* white.

The Church is  
comely.

3.

Thy lovely *Breasts*, that are *Milk* white,  
Ate like as two *Young* *Roes*;  
Yea, *Roes* that are a *Twin-like* Pair,  
That on the *Mountains* goes.

The Church.

4.

Thy *Neck*, is as an *Iv'ry* *Tower*,  
Thine *Eyes*— *Pools* in *Heshbon*:  
Thy comely *Nose*, is also like  
The *Tower* of *Lebanon*.

The Church.

5.

Thy *Lovely* *Head*, is *Carmel* like,  
Thy *Hair*, is *Purple* bright:  
The *King* is held in *Galleries*;  
My *Love*, is for *Delight*.

The Church.

6.

Like as a *Palm-Tree*, beautiful,  
So is thy *Stature* fair;  
And thy sweet *Breasts*, are ev'n as *Grapes*,  
That in great *Clusters* are.

A Similitude of  
the Church's  
Faith, and good  
Works.

7.

I *Laid*, I'll to the *Palm-Tree* go,  
And take hold on the *Tree*:  
Thy *Nose*, shall as sweet *Apples* smell,  
Thy *Breasts*, as *Grapes* shall be.

The Church  
takes hold on  
Christ.

8.

Thy *Mouth*, is ev'n as the best *Wine*,  
My *Love* doth downwards take  
Most sweetly; and doth cause the *Lips*  
Of those that sleep to speak.

Christ's Power.

9.

I am my *Well-beloved's*, and  
To me is his *Delight*:  
Come let us go into the *Field*,  
In *Walls* lodge all *Night*.

The Church  
showeth her  
Faith in Christ.

10 We'll

10  
We'll early at the *Vineyard* be,  
To see the *Grape* and *Pine* :  
And if the *Pomegranates* do bud,  
My *Loves* shall there be thine.

11  
The *Mau-drakes* give a Smell, and at  
Our *Gates* doth *Fruits* appear :  
Yea, pleasant *Fruits*, laid up for thee,  
O my Beloved dear !

Chap. 7.

The Church  
sheweth her De-  
sire for Christ.The Church pre-  
pares for Christ's  
coming.

## C H A P. VIII.

The Church's Love to Christ.

St. Edmund's Tune : Composed in Four Parts. W. T.

*Treble.*



*Alto.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



1 O That thou as my *Brother* wast ! That suck'd my *Mother's* Breast :



*Treble.*



*Alto.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



If I thee find, I'd thee se—lute, And hug my heav'nly Guest.



2. I'd bring thee to my *Mother's* House,  
Who'd give *Instruction* meet :  
And thou should'st drink a spiced *Wine*,  
Of my *Pomegranate* sweet.

Christ alone is  
able to teach.

3. His Left-hand doth my *Head* support,  
Yea, under it hath *Place* :  
His Right-hand doth me safely aid,  
Also doth me embrace.

Christ will sup-  
port and love.

4. O *Daughters* of *Jerusalem*,  
I charge you well to mind :  
That ye not stir, nor wake my *Love*,  
'Till he to *Wake's* enclin'd.

The Church's  
Members must :  
be mindful, and  
not be asleep.

5. O who is this that cometh up,  
Ev'n from the *Wilderness* :  
Leaning upon her *Well-belov'd* ;  
In a most comely *Dress* !

Christ delivers  
out of the Wil-  
derness of SIN.

6 I rain'd

6.

I rais'd thee to the Apple-tree,  
And also set thee there :  
Just where thy Mother brought thee forth,  
Ev'n where she did thee bear.

7.

\* As a *Seal*, set me on thine Heart,  
For *Love* is as *Death* strong  
And *Jealousy* is as the *Grave*,  
Which *Flames* do many wrong.

8.

7 Great *Waters* cannot quench *true Love*,  
Nor *Floods* cannot it end :  
If Man would give his *Alt.* for *Love*,  
It all would be condemn'd.

9.

\* We have a little *Sister*, yet  
Who hath no *Breasts* at all :  
What shall we do for her that *Dry*,  
When she shall have a call.

10.

9 If she's a *Wall*, we'll build on her  
A *Palace*, most divine :  
If she's a *Door*, we'll her enclose,  
With *Cedar Beams* most fine.

11.

10 I am a *Wall*, also my *Breasts*  
Are ev'n as *Towers* most bound :  
Then was in me the *Eyes*, as one  
That had great *Favour* bound.

12.

11 At *Bael-Hamon*, *Sal'mon* had  
A *Vineyard* of *Delight* :  
Which he let out, and *Fruit* to bring  
A *Thousand Pieces* bright.

13.

12 My *Vineyard's* mine : — Thou *Sal'mon* must  
A *Thousand Pieces* take :  
And those that keep the *Fruit* thereof,  
They must two hundred make.

CHAP. 8.

Child rightly and  
bringerth Salvation.

The Church de-  
scrib'd her Seal :  
Christ's Love is  
as Strong as Death :  
And jealousy is  
condemning to all.

True Love can  
neither be bought  
nor sold.

The Calling of  
the Gentiles.

The Dwelling of  
Christ, the  
Church.

The Wall and  
Door, means Fi-  
delity and Con-  
fession.

Salomon's Vite-  
yard.

How much he  
gave by 1200  
Paces.

14 Thou

CHAP. 8.

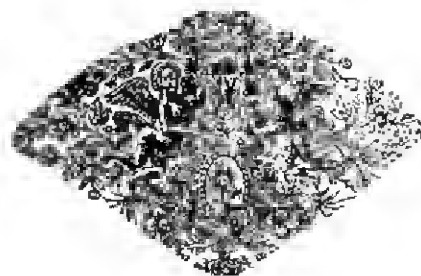
The Church  
describ'd her  
Seal.

11 Thou that dost in the *Gardens* dwell,  
And therein dost appear :  
Companions hearken to thy Voice :  
Cause me the time to hear,

15.

14 \* Make Haste, O my Belov'd, and be  
Thou like a *Roe* : yea, *Ry*,  
And be thou ev'n as a *Young Hart*,  
On *spicy Mountains* high.

The Church  
pursueth her  
Christ's calling.



X

A Com-

A  
**Compendious INDEX,**  
TO THE  
**The SONG of SOLOMON;**

Commonly called The BOOK of CANTICLES.  
Pointing out the most material *Matters* contained in the  
*Whole*.

CHAP. I.

**T**HIS Book is written under the Similitude of a *Bride*, and *Bridegroom*; meaning *Christ* and his *Church*: Wherein, *Solomon* shews the *Title* of the *Book*, and himself the *Author* of it. Then Personating the *Church* and *Christ*, \* The *Church* sheweth her *Love* to *Christ*, and greatly imploreth his *Love* to her. \* Then excusing her *Imperfections* and *Deformity*, \* She prayeth to be acquainted with him in his holy and divine *Ordinances*. \* *Christ* then directing her, commends her *Beauty*: \* So they both mutually *Congratulate* each other.

CHAP. II.

**I**N this *Chapter*, \* the *Church* and *Christ* interchange mutual *Praises* and *Prayers*. \* the *Church* both seeth and heareth *Christ* inviteth her unto him, \* as she prayed and rejoiced in him, &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

**H**EREIN, \* the *Church* diligently enquireth after *Christ*, after being absent from her: \* and with joy receiveth him: \* and in his *Pleasantness*, *Preciousness*, and *Power*, she admires him.

CHAP. IV.

**I**N this *Chapter*, \* *Jesus Christ* particularly extolleth his *Spouse*, the *Church*, \* and invites her to him with the highest Expressions of *Estimation*, *Delectation*, and *Congratulation* imaginable.

CHAP. V.

**I**N this *Chapter*, \* the *Church* and *Christ* both feast together. \* At some other time by excuses and delays the *Church* for a while refuses to receive him: \* is at last inwardly troubled; and then seeking him again with *Diligence* and *Suffering*, and not finding him, \* she falls sick of *Love*. \* She being much wonder'd at by *loose Professors*, \* she sheweth forth particularly many of his supereminent *Excellencies*.

CHAP. VI.

**H**EREIN, the *Church*, \* asketh after *Christ*, and professeth her Faith in him. \* Whereupon *Christ* again greatly extolleth her *Excellencies*; \* and Exulteth in his sweet *Communion* with her.

CHAP. VII.

**I**N this *Chapter*, \* *Christ* still continues in chanting the *Praises* of the *Church*: \* and they both mutually *Congratulate* each other, &c.

X 2

CHAP.

## CHAP. VIII.

**T**HIS Chapter sheweth, "How the Church declares her great desire to *Christ* ; " and the unconquerable Ardent, and insatiable Power of *Love*. " Then *Christ* freely declaring his real Respects to her, as his *Building*, " and *Fortress*, " the Church supplicating his speedy, sweet, and solacing *Holy Communion*, &c.

It is observed, that Psalm the 45th is entitled, A Song of Loves; being an Epitome and Comment to his Song of Songs, both being on the very same Subject, and Style ; and by the very same Author, King Solomon : only it is said, that Psalm the 45th was written in his first peaceful, prosperous, and pious Time, when he had just finished the Temple, dedicated it, and established the Worship thereof, as Instructed : And, that this Song of Songs was partly wrote in the Height of that Prosperity, in his latter Years ; when he, and the People had fallen from that Purity ; and had experienced Temptations, Desertions, and Rebellions, &c.

The End of Solomon's Song.

## VARIOUS

## VARIOUS

## HYMNS, ANTHEMS and CANONS, &amp;c.

On several Occasions : For Voice or Organ.

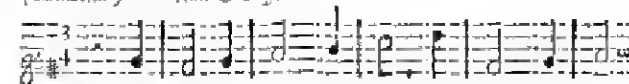
By Mr. WILLIAM TANS'UR.

## I. The Author's Delight.

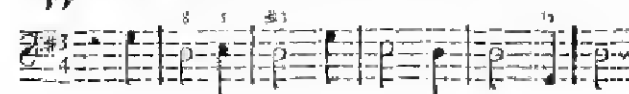
AN ACROSTIC. Composed in Three Parts. W. T.



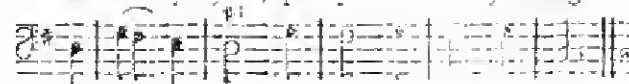
(Intonation) Tenor & Bass.



WITH fervent Zeal, serve thou thy God and King,



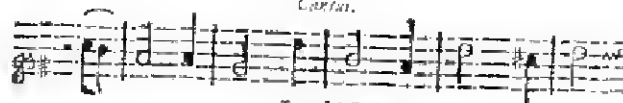
In lo—ty Hymns, per—pe—tual Prai—ses sing :



Lat

*Continued.*

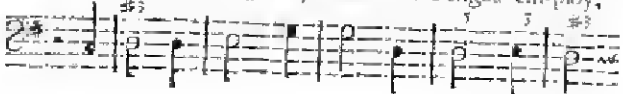
*Corrus.*



*Treas & Basso.*



*Let sa—cred Songs thy Heart and Tongue em-ploy,*



*In tuneful Notes, in tuneful Notes extol thy God on high,*



*2.*  
*Awake thy Flaggits, and Thy grateful Lay,*  
*Mount thou, aloft, and Celebrate his Praise:*  
*To thy Redeemer grateful Praise pay,*  
*Ascribe all Honour to his Name alway.*

*3.*  
*Not unto any other, Praise sing,*  
*Since God, and Christ did thy Salvation bring:*  
*Upro the Lord, for all thy Labours rend,*  
*Rejoice in God, and serve him, without End.*

D O X.

D O X O L O G Y.

*All Praise be to the glorious Trinity,*  
*The Three in one and one in Unity:*  
*The Father, Son, and Spirit Pli adore,*  
*In HALLELUJAHs, Now, and Evermore.*  
AMEN.

II. *An HYMN. Taken out of the First Psalm.*

*To the foregoing TUNE.*

**T**H E Man is blest that never goes astray,  
By false Advice, nor stands in Sinners Way:  
Nor sits infected by such scornful Pride,  
Which God condemns, and Pity derides,

*2.*  
And wholly fixeth his sincere Delight,  
On heav'nly Laws he studies Day and Night:  
He shall be like a Tree, that spreads its Root,  
By living Streams, producing timely Fruit.

*3.*  
Whose Leaf shall never fall, the Lord will bless  
All his Endeavours, with desir'd Success:  
Ungodly Men shall not such Favour find,  
But fly like Chaff, before the roaring Wind.

*4.*  
Their Galls shall not the horrid Day endure,  
Nor yet approach th' Assemblies of the Pure:  
For God approves those Ways the Righteous tread,  
But sinful Paths to sure Destruction lead.

*5.*  
*All Praise be to the glorious Trinity,*  
*The Three in one, and one in Unity:*  
*The Father, Son, and Spirit we'll adore*  
*In HALLELUJAHs, Now, and Evermore.*

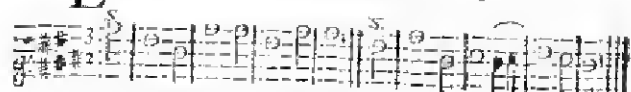
II. A C A-



III. A CANON, of Four in One.



**L** *Let ev'ry Mortal Praise the Lord's with kindful Songs with one accord:*



*Let all rejoice with heav'nly Murmurs And imitate the saints on Earth.*

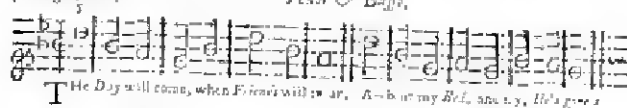
*Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all Creatures here below:  
Praise Him above, ye sacred Hosts,  
Praise Father, Son, and holy Ghost.*

IV. An HYMN, On Death.

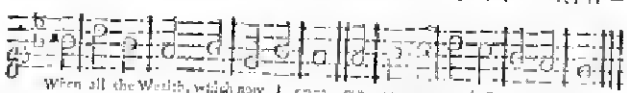
*Composed in Two Parts. W. T.*

*(Larghetto.)*

*Tenor & Bass.*



**T** *The Day will come, when Friends will be at, A-bout my Bed, and say, He's gone.*



*When all the World, which now I care, can say, perchance, a Grave*



2. Then

2.  
Then shall my Body turn to Dust,  
Untill the rising of the Just:  
But where my mortal Soul shall go,  
This is the Thing I ought to know.

3.  
To thee, O CHRIST, I do commit,  
My Soul, thou hast redeemed it:  
In all my Grief, my Comfort be,  
Tho' Sin brought Death, Ye dy'd for me.

4.  
Thy Blood, that on the Cross was spilt,  
Is an Atonement for my Guilt:  
And as thy GRACE doth blot the Score,  
Me take, where I shall Sin no more.

AMEN.

V. The Last Scene: Or, A Thought of DEATH.

*Composed in Two Musical Parts. W. T.*

*Tenor & Bass.*



**A** --Ma-zing Change! No won-der that we dread



To think of DEATH, or view the DEAD;



V

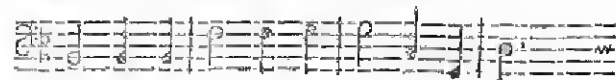
When

[ 162 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

*Tenor & Bass.*



When I must leave this Te—ne—ment of Clay,



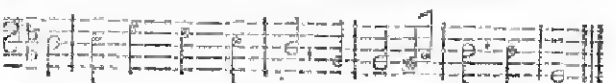
And to an un-known Some-where, wing a—way:



When Time shall be E—ter—ni—ty, and thou



Shalt go thou know'st not where, and live, thou know'st not how.



VI. *The*

*On various Occasions. Book II. [ 163 ]*

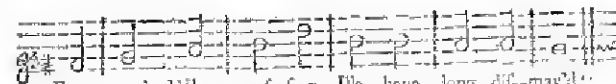
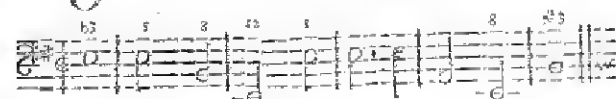
VI. *The Sufferings and Victory of CHRIST.*  
Psal. xxii.

Composed in *Two Musical Parts.* W. T.

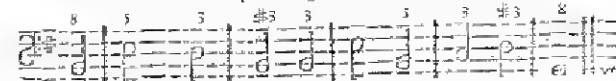
*Tenor & Bass.*



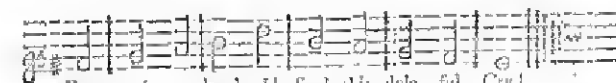
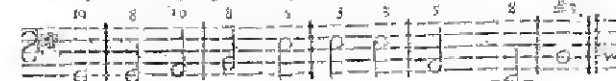
O God! my God! O why withdrawn thine Aid,



From me! When suf-fering I'll have long dis-may'd:



Why is thy suf-fering Arm at rest? whilst I



Pour out my burden'd Soul, this dole-ful Cry!



Y 2

2 C'er-

2.  
O'erwhelm'd in *Fears*, I all the Day complain,  
All Night I groan, but groan alas in vain !  
No Groans by Night, nor briny Tears by Day,  
Awake thy *Pity*, or my *Fears* allay.
3.  
Yet shall not Grief, nor gloomy *Fears* retard  
My drooping Soul, from Hopes of thy Regard :  
3 Thou holy art, and antient Times confess,  
So'll hast thou sav'd thy *Ch'ld* in *Distress*.
4.  
The *Yielded* *Quilts*, still fled to thee for Aid,  
The *reluct* *Troops*, to thee their *Praises* paid :  
4 Our mourning *Sires* did on their God depend,  
Not vain their *Trust*, their God did Succour send.
5.  
To him they cry'd, and their Distress was o'er,  
In him they Hop'd, and *Fears* perplex'd no more :  
6 But for a *W'rm*, dejected and despo'd,  
By Man dishon'd, tho' in his Form digni'd.
6.  
By rude *Spectators* view'd to abject Scorn,  
As one too mean their *Species* to adorn :  
Regardless of my Woes, while passing by,  
They shake their *Heads*, and thus they scoffing cry :
7.  
Lo ! this vain Man, who on his God relies,  
Bath'd in a bloody Sweat, he faints and dies :  
In God he hopes, let God defend and save,  
And wags his *Tail* rich from th' expelling Grave.
8.  
But from the Womb thou took'st me, LORD, thy Arm  
Ev'n in the Womb was my Defence from Harm :  
10 In Infant-state my Guardian thou from Wrong,  
Whilst help'd, hoping on the Breast I hang.
9.  
Thou art my *Gracious* God, - my *Hope's* from hence,  
From *First* to *Last*, thy Arm is my Defence :  
Now raging Floods of Trouble round me roll,  
21 Lord ! be not absent from my sinking Soul !—

to Thy

10.  
Thy Help I crave ! — No *Scraps* round thy *Throne*  
Can Help supply, but *thou* my God alone :
11. Ah haste ! — the *Fleets* of *Hell* b' set me round,  
Strong *Bulls* of *Baboon* would my Soul confound,
11.  
As *Lions* fell, they seriously assy,  
With gaping Mouths, to make my Life a Prey :  
14 Alas ! I'm gone ! — my Soul away is rent !  
Like Water spilt, my ebbing Life is spent.
12.  
My Bones disjoin ! — my Strength burns up ! my Heart  
15 Dissolves by Woes ! — my Spirits quite depart ! —  
Thy weighty Wrath, thy Dread-eternal Frown  
Ev'n to the Dull of *Death* hath prest me down !
13.  
Oh ! save me ! — save ! — see *Dogs* about me close !  
I'm thick surrounded by a Host of Foes !  
17 They've pierc'd my *Hands* ! — my *Feet* ! now shout to see —  
They've nail'd the Great *Sin-Off'ring* to the Tree.
14.  
They've Rack'd, and lifted up a *Skeleton*,  
And now exulting, stare at what they've done !  
18 Amongst themselves my *Garnments* they divide,  
And cast the *Lot*, my *Future* to decide.
15.  
LORD ! part not from me ! — be not now away ! —  
Make haste ! Oh ! haste to help ! my God ! — my Stay !  
20 Save ! — save my Soul ! — from thy eternal Wrath !  
Keep ! keep thy D A R L I N G ! — from the Force of Death.
16.  
From wretched Sinners quickly let me free,  
From gaping *Hell-bounds*, Loud ! deliver me !  
'Tis done, — thou'lt heard me, in the deep Distress,  
When *Hell*, and *Sinners* did my Soul oppress.
17.  
When I was coop'd in, with the piercing Horns  
21 Of cruel and voracious *Unicorns* :  
For this I'll tell the *Heavens* of thy Name,  
23 And to my *Brethren* all thy *Deeds* proclaim.

18 When

[ 166 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

18.  
In their *Assembly* I'll recite thy *Praise*,  
And frame, by mine, their Hearts to grateful Lays:  
23 Come ye, that fear the LORD, begin the Song,  
Ye sacred *Serv* from holy *Isrl* sprung.  
19.  
With humble Awe, his wondrous *Mercies* tell,  
And, as his *Goodness*, let your *Praise* excell:  
24 Sing, how the *Living-God* hath not disdain'd  
The 'siltion of the 'silted who complain'd.  
20.  
Tell, how his Face he would not always hide,  
But heard his Cry, when he, the Mourner cry'd:  
25 I, in the grand *Assembly* of the *Saints*,  
Will sing his *Praise*, who heard my griev'd Complaints.  
21.  
My solemn Protestations, there I'll pay,  
'Midst those who God adore, and God obey:  
26 The Hungry Souls shall now be satisfy'd,  
I've born their Grief, and have their Want supply'd.  
22.  
Those serv'd Men, who fear JEHOVAN'S Name,  
Now serv'd from *Isl*, his *Law* shall e'er proclaim:  
Your Souls no more shall dread eternal Chains  
But ever reign, where God eternal reigns.  
23.  
See! num'rous *Tribes* from distant *Nations* round,  
Now hear, and now approve the joyful Sound:—  
*We're safe, all Power is His*— they rage no more,  
But at JEHOVAN'S awful *Throne* adore.  
24.  
The wond'ring *Earth*, receives its sovereign LORD,  
Bends at his *Throne*,— and trembles at his *Word*!  
25 The *Land* yield grateful *Honour* to his *Son*,  
Stoops to his *Law*, and willingly obey.  
25.  
Great KING, of *Kings*! where e'er thy *Name* is known,  
*Earth's Kings* shall call their *Crown* before thy *Throne*,  
And all th' inferior *Cliffes* of Mankind,  
Confess the *Serv*'s reign *Rule* to thee assign'd.

26 All

*On various Occasions.* Book II. [ 167 ]

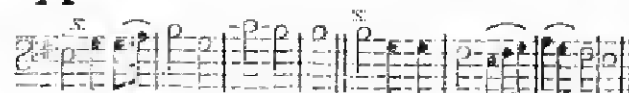
26.  
27 All *Heb* and *ben*, now serv'd from *Isl*, shall own,  
That *Thou* thy *Saviour* art, and *Thou* alone;  
Yet dost the Rebel-World will not submit,  
To pay with prostrate *Honour* at thy Feet:  
27.  
28 A *ch* to *Serv* shall soon espouse thy Cause,  
Hail'd— *Thou* KING— and own thy sacred *Law*:  
That *Thou* *Generations* God esteems,  
The *World* which his conquering *Sex* redeems.  
28.  
These shall to People yet unborn proclaim  
29 The *World*, and *Angels* of thy *Saviour's* *Name*:  
And whilst thy *Grace*, new *Contract* does engage,  
Thy Kingdom shall endure, from *Age*, to *Age*.

A M E N.

VII. *A Morning Song: Or, a CANON of Four in One.* W. T.



A Wake my Soul, and with the Son, *Christ*'s daily *Song* of Duty run:



Rise thou, my Soul, and with the same, Rise thou to *Christ*'s exalting Fame.

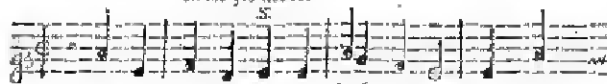
2.  
Glorify to God, who rules the *Sky*,  
Glorify to him that sits on high:  
Glorify to the *serv'd* *Host*,  
Glorify to *Serv*, and *Heb*— *Glorify*.

HALLELUJAH.

VIII. *A CA-*

VIII. A CANON of Two in One. W. T.

*In the 5th above.*



I will mag-ni-fy my God al-way, my Song

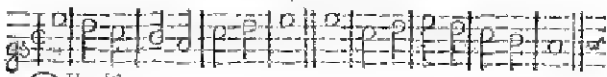


Shall him praise, from Day to Day.

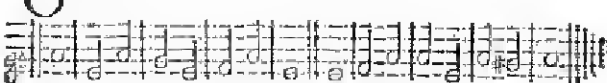
IX. An HYMN against Sinful Songs : Exhorting to Praise God.

*In CANON Retle & Retro. W. T.*

*A. p. Var.*



O Ur, &c.



Our Songs on Earth shall praise God's Name,  
That we in Heav'n may do the same ;  
To sinful Songs we'll bid farewell,  
From which we learn the Speech of Hell :  
God's sacred Image we deface,  
Which is to us a foul Disgrace.

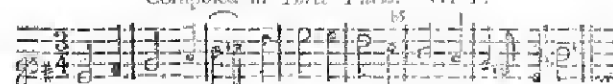
'Tis shameful to each Christian Ear,  
We only plant the Devil there :  
God made by's Wisdom Soul and Mind,  
Himself to Praise to be inclin'd ;  
Let him be prais'd with Voice and Tongue,  
He'll us reward whilst he's our Song.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

X. An

X. An HYMN : Or, A Resolution to Praise God.

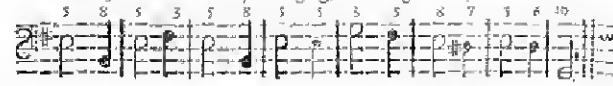
*Composed in Three Parts. W. T.*



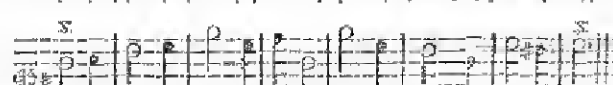
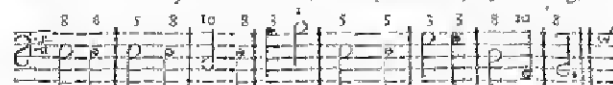
C An I cease, my God, from Singing dai-ly grateful Songs to thee,



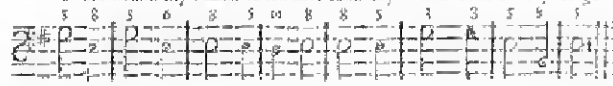
Whilst thy Grace is al-ways bringing, all things rich-ly un-to me ?



When I view thy Love so ten-der, which preserves my Life so long :



I am bound my Thanks to ren-der. And thy Works shall be my Song.



Jesus for my sake did suffer, — Death upon the curst Tree ;  
Unto him my Praise I'll offer, for his Kindness unto me :  
Praise to God, most high be given, and to Christ his only Son,  
Praise on Earth, as 'tis in Heaven, let your Praises equal run.

Z

XL JESUS

XI. JESUS, is ALL in ALL.

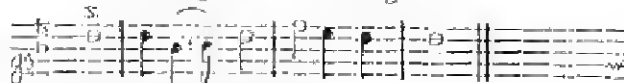
A CANON of Four in One. W. T.



I Nothing am, I Nothing have ;



I Nothing can, I Nothing crave :



But that my JESUS I may see,



And that He may be ALL to me,

2.

By JESUS, ALL supported stand,  
The KEYS of ALL are in his Hand :  
Upon this JESUS I will call,  
My JESUS is to me my A L L.

3.

He-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,  
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,  
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,  
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

XII. An

XII. An HYMN : On Devotion, and Solitude.

Composed in Two Parts. W. T.

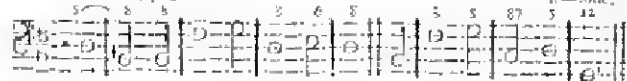
Tenor & Bass.



B E ALL, &c.



And God, &c.



1.  
Be ALL devoted unto God,  
And to the World unknown ;  
And God himself to thee will give ;  
Ye both shall be alone.

2.  
Blest Solitude ! blest Company !  
To be with God alone !  
O who would not the World forLose ?  
To be with CHRIST made one.

3.  
Blest Solitude ! where Two are One  
Where ALL are Unity !  
Where God is ALL and Man is nought !  
O full Felicity !

4.  
Thou Heaven art to me on Earth,  
God's Kingdom here below ;  
Thou art my fruitful Paradise,  
In which the Graces grow.

To Father, Son, &c.

N 2

XIII. All

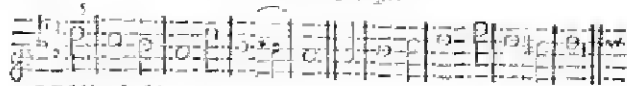
XIII. ALL for CHRIST'S Cross.

Composed in Three Parts. W.T.

*Quint.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



When I, &c.



My heart, &c.



1.  
When I survey that wondrous Cross,  
Where on the Pattern of Glory dy'd I:  
My richest Gain I count but Dross,  
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

2. For-

2.

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the Death of CHRIST, my God:  
For all vain Things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3.

See! from His Head, His Hands, and Feet,  
Sorrow and Love, how mingled down:  
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet?  
Or Thorns compose so rich a CROWN.

4.

His dying Grimace, like a Robe,  
Spreads o'er His Body on the Tree:  
Then am I dead to all the Globe,  
And all the Globe is dead to me.

5.

Was the whole Frame of Nature mine,  
'Twould be a Present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so Divine!  
Demands my Soul, my Life, and ALL.

XIV. CHRIST'S Holy Invitation.

To the forgoing Tune.

1.

THAT dismal Night, when our dear Lord,  
Into the Garden did retreat:  
To vent his Grief, in Groans and Cries,  
In Sweat, and in a Holy Sweat.

2. That

2.  
That ne'er to be forgotten Night,  
When our *Redeemer* was betray'd ;  
Before his Sufferings, *Bread* he took,  
Gave Thanks to God, brake it, and said :

3.  
*Take, Eat, this is my Body brake,*  
*For you upon the cruel Tree :*  
*Perform this Ord'nance, as I do,*  
*And when ye do't, remember Me.*

4.  
He took the *Cup*, being fill'd with *Wine*,  
Bless'd it, and to's *Disciples* gill ;  
'Tis the New Test'ment in my Blood,  
For you, and many others feed.

5.  
*All you, my Friends, must drink of it,*  
*That Sin's Remission here you get :*  
*Perform this Ord'nance as I do,*  
*And when ye do't remember Me.*

6.  
O Lord, we will remember thee,  
And thy Love, more than fragrant *Wine* ;  
How can we e'er thy *Gifts* forget ?  
Which made *Thine* ours, and us made thine.

7.  
Our *Right-hands* still shall lose their *Art*,  
Our *Tongues* forget to speak, or move :  
Before we will forget thy *Wounds*,  
Or everlasting *Marks* of Love.

8.  
We'll thus commemorate thy *Death*,  
'Till thou appear'st on *Earth* again :  
Then Glorious Lord, remember us,  
Make haste, to take thy *Power*, and reign.

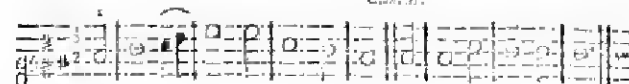
AMEN.

XV. The

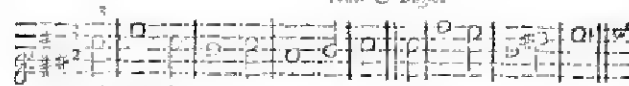
XV. *The Divine Resolution.*

Compos'd in *Three Parts.* W. T.

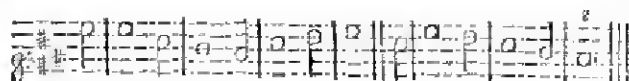
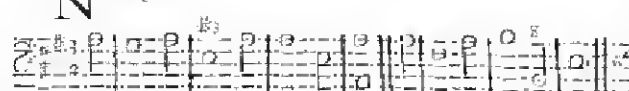
*Cantus.*



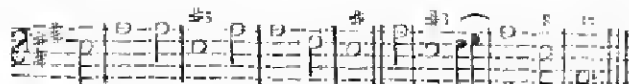
*Tenor & Bass.*



Nothing, &c.



My Jesus, &c.



1.  
Nothing but *Jesus* will I love,  
I nothing else desire  
My *Jesus* is my All in All,  
He sets my Heart on fire.



2.

In JESUS I will always rest,  
And leave to him alone:  
For Him I'll leave all Things below,  
And have no God but *one*.

3.

My JESUS will not me forsake,  
No Idols I'll set up:  
My Heart it shall be All to him,  
From him I'll take the *Cup*.

4.

The *Cup* which he doth give to me,  
Of him I'll freely take:  
And be well pleased with the same,  
His *Will*, my *Will* I'll make.

5.

My JESUS shall my *Leader* be,  
'Till this my *Frame* dissolve:  
'Thro' *Life*, thro' *Death*, and thro' all *Things*,  
Him follow I *rejoice*.

*DOXOLOGY.*

All *Glory* to the sacred *THREE*,  
One Ever-living *Lord*:  
As at the first, still may He be  
*Blessed*, and *Ain'd*.

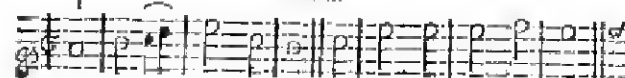
AMEN.

XVI. *An*

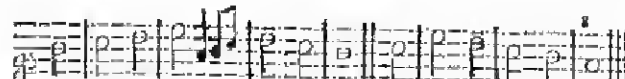
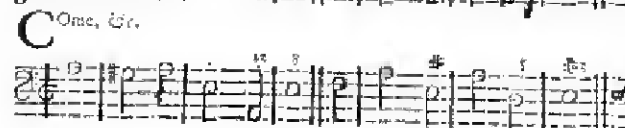
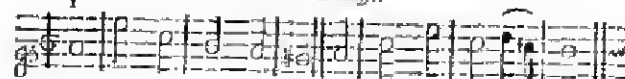
XVI. *An* HYMN, To the HOLY GHOST:  
*Proper for Whitunday*

Composed in *Three Parts*. W. T.

*Medius.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



1.  
Come, mild and holy Dove,  
Descend upon our Breast:  
Come thou in us; make us in *thee*  
For evermore to rest.

A a

2. Come

2.

Come, and spread ov'r our Souls  
Thy All-comforting *Wing* :  
That in its Shadow we may sit,  
And *Praises* to thee Sing.

3.

When we are sliding back,  
*Thou* dost our Danger stop :  
And when we into Sin do fall,  
Again *thou* tak'st us up.

4.

If by the Way we faint,  
*Thou* puttest forth thy Hand :  
When e'er with Weakness we do fall,  
Again thou mak'st us stand.

5.

If not, we there must lie,  
And still sink lower down :  
Our Hope's in thee, 'tis thee that brings  
Us to the heavenly Crown.

DOXOLOGY.

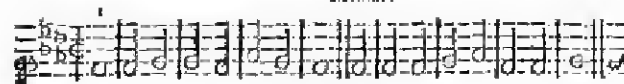
GLORY to thee, O LORD,  
One eternal *Three* :  
To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
One equal GLORY be.

XVII. *An*

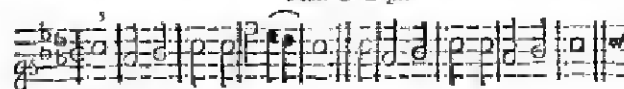
XVII. CHRIST'S DYING LOVE.

*On Good-Friday.* Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

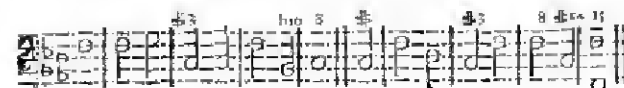
*Medius.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



*Orgn, &c.*



1.

Joyn *Spirits*, to adore the LAMB.  
Oh! that our feeble *Lips* could move ;  
In *Strains* immortal as His Name,  
And melting as His *Dying Love*.

A 3 2

2. W 31

[ 180 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

2.

Was ever equal *Pity* found?  
The PRINCE of *Heav'n* resigns His Breath:  
And pours His *Life* upon the Ground,  
To ransom *guilty Souls* from Death.

3.

As we have broke our MAKER'S *Laws*,  
CHRIST from God's Threatning set us free:  
And bore the Vengeance on the *Cross*,  
And nail'd the *Curses* to the *Tree*.

4.

God's *Law* proclaims no *Terror* now,  
And *Sm's* Thunders roar no more:  
From CHRIST's dear *Wounds* now *Blessings* flow,  
A *Sea* of *Joy*! without a *Shore*.

5.

Here we are wash'd, from deepest *Stains*,  
Our *Wounds* are heal'd with *heav'nly Blood*:  
Blest *Fountains*! springing from the *Veins*,  
Of *Jesus*, our incarnate *God*.

6.

In vain alas! in vain we strive,  
To speak *Compassion* to *DIVINE*:  
Had we *Ten-thousand Lives* to give,  
They're *All* too little to be *THINE*.

To Father, Son, &c.

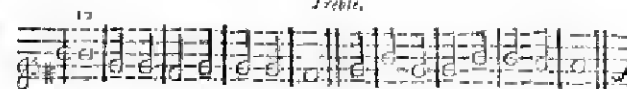
XVIII. An

*On various Occasions.* Book II. [ 181 ]

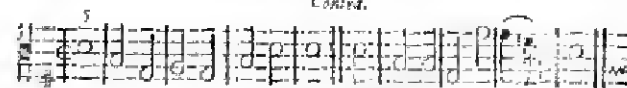
XVIII. *The Transformation.*

Composed in *Four Parts*, W. T.

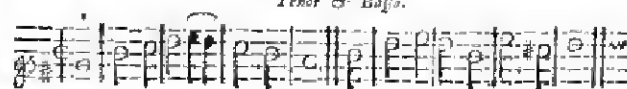
*Treble.*



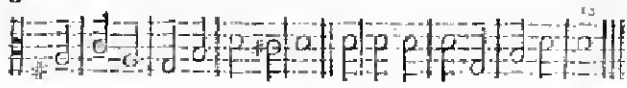
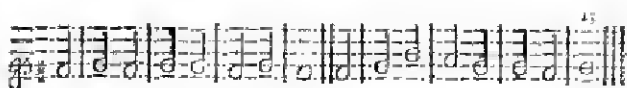
*Contra.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



Change, &c.



Change me in every Part, O *Dove*!  
Thou *breathing* of eternal *Love*!  
With living *Streams* me overflow,  
That to *heav'nly Place* may grow.

O vlt

2.  
O visit this Dark-house of Clay,  
*Bright Source!* and turn my Night to Day:  
O pierce this Lump with *Beams* DIVINE,  
And make it as the *Sun* to shine.

3.  
The *World's* a *Toy*, or like a *Dream*,  
All *Irish*, and *Bubble*, *Smoke*, and *Steam*:  
Not *for*, nor *for* bewitching *Art*,  
Can fill one *Corner* of my *Heart*,

4.  
Come *LORD*, and therein take thy *Scar*,  
Who only can't my *Toys* compleat:  
Give me those *Toys* which ever last,  
Nor such as perish, fade and blast.

5.  
From earthly *Things*, I take my *Flight*,  
Into the *Region* of *best Light*:  
For *THEE*, I slight all *Worldly Toys*,  
And count them all but fading *Toys*.

6.  
No *Draft*, shall e'er my *Soul* betray,  
Nor glittering *Toys*, which are but *Clay*:  
Such *Things* I'll weigh within *thy Sight*,  
Which are but *Trifles* of *Delight*.

7.  
Such worldly *Toys* to me are *Pain*,  
The *Trouble's* great, such *Things* to gain:  
Be *Thou* my *Aid*, *thy PRAISE* I'll Sing,  
And I am *Greater* than a *King*.

8.  
Was I possib'd of *all* I see,  
Nothing could save my *SOUL*, but *THEE*:  
As the *Soul* aids the *Body* here,  
So to my *Soul* *thou* dost appear.

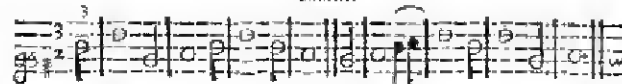
9.  
Thy *Beams* of *Love* upon me *dart*,  
And stamp thy *Love* upon my *Heart*:  
Let all my *Thoughts* and *Deeds* be *Thine*,  
Thy *Will*, my *Will*; and *Thine* be *mine*.

XIX. *The*

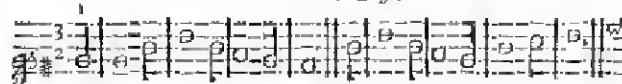
XIX. *The Divine Request.*

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

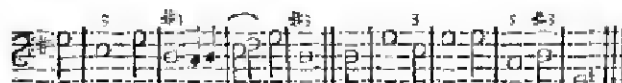
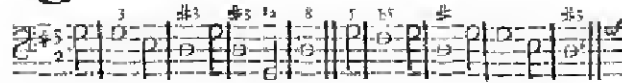
*Cantus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



**G**ive, &c.



1.

Give me thy *Love*, I ask no more,  
Thy *Love* is that which I adore:  
Inflame me with thy heav'nly *Fire*,  
The *Source* of chaste *Divine Desire*

2. *Thy*

2.

Thy Love is that celestial *Wine*,  
That warms and makes the Soul *divine*;  
And makes the hard contracted mind  
Soft as the *Air*, swift as the *Wind*.

3.

Oh! thou bright *Flame*! thou radiant *Light*!  
Strong, and selfless is thy *might*:  
Sweet is thy *Influence*, and *Pow'r*,  
As the cool *Dew*, or quick'ning *Show'r*.

4.

Each View, or Glimpse, of thy bright *Throne*,  
Renders my *Soul* no more its own:  
How sweetly is my *Drap* devour'd,  
When into thy wide *Ocean* pour'd!

5.

O pleasing *Death*! thus to expire!  
'Tis not to fall, but to rise higher:  
From a small *Atom*, to be *All*,  
Pure, bright, sublime, *Angelic*.

DOXOLOGY.

All *Glor*y, to the sacred *Three*,  
In *Everlasting* Unity:  
*Be* *known*, as *'twas*, when *Date* began,  
*Be* *Praise*, 'till *Time* his *Course* has run.

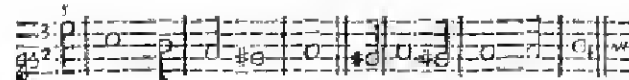
XX. *An*

XX. *An* H Y M N: *On* CHRIST'S Nativity.

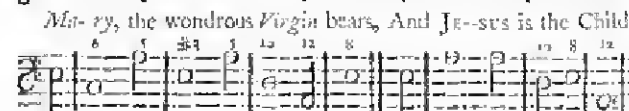
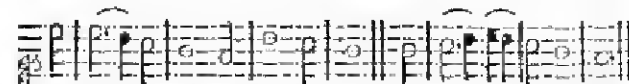
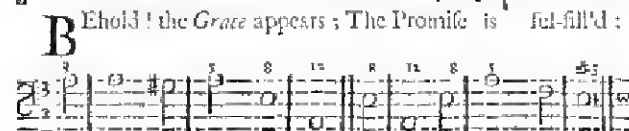
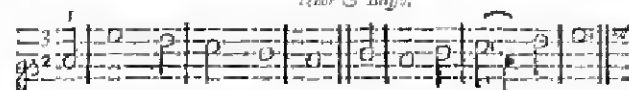
Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

*Chorus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



*Mari*-*ry*, the wondrous *Virgin* bears, And *Je*-*sus* is the *Child*.

The *Lo*rd, the *Highest* *God*,  
Calls *him* his *Only* *Son*:  
*He* bids *him* rove the *Land* abroad,  
And gives *him* *Dan*'s *Town*.

B b

S. O'er

O'er Jacob He shall reign,<sup>3.</sup>  
With a peculiar Sway:  
The Nations shall His Grace obtain,  
Which never shall decay.

To bring the glorious News,<sup>4.</sup>  
A Heavenly Form appears:  
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,  
And banishes their Fears.

Go, Humble Saviour, (said he),<sup>5.</sup>  
To David's City fly:  
The promis'd Babe that's born this Day,  
Doth in a Manger lie.

With Looks, and Hearts serene,<sup>6.</sup>  
Go visit CHRIST your KING:  
And strain a Shining Throng were seen,  
The Shepherds heard them sing:

GLORY to GOD on High,<sup>7.</sup>  
And Heavenly PEACE on Earth:  
Good-will to Men, to ANGELS Joy,  
At the REDEEMER's Birth.

In Worship so Divine,<sup>8.</sup>  
Let SAINTS employ their Tongues:  
With the celestial Host we'll join,  
And loud repeat their SONGS.

GLORY to GOD on High,<sup>9.</sup>  
And Heavenly PEACE on Earth:  
Good-will to Men, to ANGELS Joy,  
At our REDEEMER's Birth.

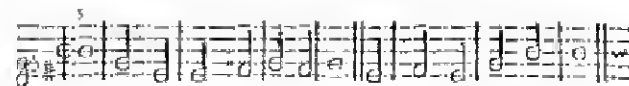
DOXOLOGY.

Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah,  
Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah:  
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,  
Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah.

XXI. *Against*

XXI. *Against Temptation.*

Composed in Three Parts. W. T.



WHEN thou by Fiends art hard beset, Take Counsel of the WISE:



Do all things with the best Advice, That nothing thee can mislead.



2.

With thine own heart do not consult,  
Lest it should thee deceive:  
If thine own Counsellor thou art,  
Thou Folly shalt conceive.

B b z

3. When

3.

When thou therefore shalt *tempted* be,  
For *Grace* and *Wisdom* pray :  
And *Grace* and *Wisdom* shall thee meet,  
And lead thee on the Way.

4.

If many *Devils* thee surround,  
Thou need'st not any fear :  
Since that thy *Prayers* are surely heard,  
And God, to thee is near.

5.

Let but God's *Wisdom* thee conduct,  
And with his *Grace* comply :  
And all the *Devils* thee shalt fear,  
And straightway from thee fly.

6.

Thus, thou a *Conqueror* shalt be,  
And mighty *Devils* shalt quell :  
Thus *CHRIST*, in thee, shall ever live,  
Victorious over *Hell*.

7.

To *CHRIST* therefore all *Glory* give,  
For *HE* the *Victor* is :  
And see thou always to *HIM* live,  
And be thou only *HIS*.

DOXOLOGY.

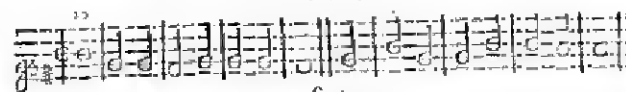
Honour to Thee, Almighty Three,  
And everlasting One :  
All Glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit, and the Son.

XXII. The

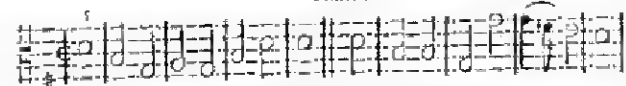
XXII. *The True Christian Armour.*

Composed in *Four Parts.* W. T.

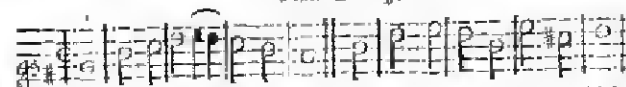
*Treble.*



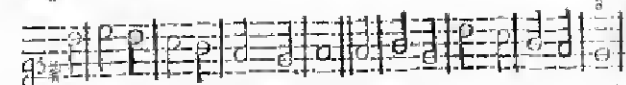
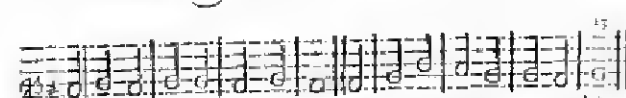
*Contra.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



**H** Aile, and put on thy *Armour* bright, And *shield* thy self with *heavenly* Light :



*Light's Armour* gild's ring round thee shake, At wh. the *Pow'rs* of *Hell* may quake.



2.

The *SENIORS* *Sword*, bind on thy *Thigh*,  
Fall girded with God's *Name* most high :  
God's *Name* thy *Word* and *SUMMO* shall be,  
From which the *Frighted Devils* flee.

3. God's

3.

God's *Name*, and *Word*, shall be thy *Sword*,  
They *Victory* shall still afford :  
*Fresh Palms* shall always thee attend,  
And *Graces* from above descend.

4.

To nothing do thou therefore yield,  
But still hold fast thy aiding *Shield* :  
Since conquest is to thee so nigh,  
Do thou the Pow'rs of *Hell* defy.

5.

If thou hast fortify'd thy *Heart*,  
And hast but Love's Almighty *Dart* ;  
With God and *Man* thou shalt prevail,  
To *Triumph* thou shalt never fail.

6.

Do not thy self with Fears acquaint,  
Nor do not in the *Battle* faint :  
By no means from thy *Colours* fly,  
Since *Jesus* is to thee so nigh.

7.

Thy *Heav'nly Arms* then strive to wield,  
And still with Care maintain the *Field* :  
*SALVATION'S* Buckler to thee take,  
And *RIGHTEOUSNESS* thy *Breast-plate* make.

8.

If *Men*, or *Devils* thee assail,  
Let *Justice* be thy *Coat of Mail* ;  
And let also thy *Loyns* brave *Youth* !  
Be ever girt about with *TRUTH*.

9. Then

9.

Then shalt thou hold the glorious *Fight*,  
Since thou canst say, *GOD IS MY RIGHT* :  
Thou know'st thy *For* is not asleep,  
Thy *Military Vow* sure keep.

10.

By no means do not wander out,  
Nor from thy *Armour* gad about :  
But learn with *CHRIST* alone to *stay*,  
And learn with *HIM* alone to *pray*.

11.

Learn thou to *work* with *HIM*, thy *LORD* ;  
Learn fully to *obey* his *WORD* :  
And learn from all things to retire,  
That *HIS* sweet *Grace* may thee inspire.

12.

Make haste, and throw not *Time* away,  
Let nothing slip, *work* while 'tis *Day* :  
And thou shalt *Armies* put to flight,  
For *Darkness* can't withstand the *Light*, &c.

XXIII. *An HYMN: For either Morning or Evening.*

Composed in *Three Parts*, W. T.

Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xiv. 7.

*Cantus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*

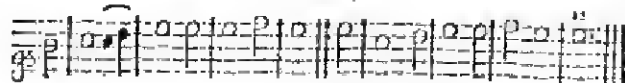


**M**Y God, how endless is thy *Love* : Thy *Gifts* are every *Day* : *Amazing* new :

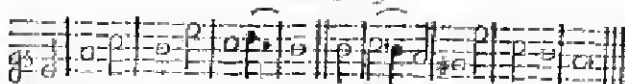




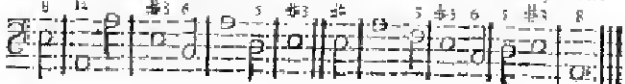
*Cantus.*



*Tenor or Bass.*



*And Moving* Mercies from a-bove, Great—ly dis—si-like ear—ly De—v.



2.

Thou spread'st the Curtains of the *Night*,  
Great *Guardian* of my sleeping Hours!  
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,  
And quickens all my drowzy Pow'rs.

3.

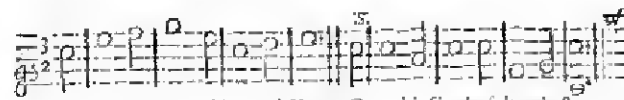
I yield my Pow'rs to thy Command,  
To thee I consecrate my *Days*:  
Perpetual *Blessings* from thine Hand,  
Demands perpetual Songs of PRAISE.

4.

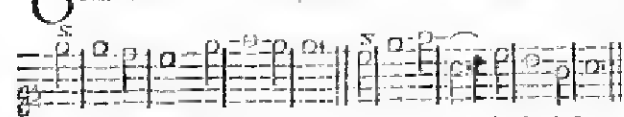
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*  
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah:*  
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*  
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*

XXIV. A CANON:

XXIV. A CANON, of Four in One. W. T.



Praise the Lord with sacred Hymns: On us his Goodness largely flows:



Exalt his Name, for earthly Things Up-on us dis—si-like follows.

2.

That we may lead our Lives so pure  
As to enjoy the heavenly *Grace*:  
And after Death we may be sure  
With God to have a resting Place.

3.

Be *Glory, Praise, and Worship* done,  
To God the *Father*, and the *Son*:  
And to the *Holy Ghost*, on high,  
From Age to Age, *Eternally*.

4.

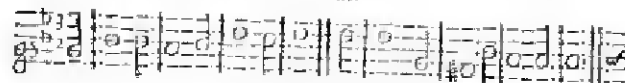
*Ho—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*  
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*  
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*  
*Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,*

C c XXV. A

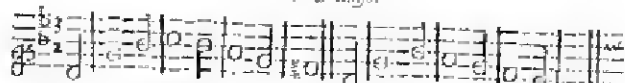
XXV. *An Evening HYMN.*

*St. Timothy's Tune. Composed in Three Parts. W. T.*

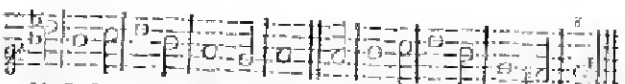
*Cantus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



O Lord, behold a wretched one, Thine sings himself before thy Throne:



My Prædier sin full, and by birth, Vex, vexer, vexer than the Earth.



O let thy Christ! my Sav'our be,  
To save from Sin, and Miserie.  
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,  
Entreating Pardon for this Day.

3. Encir.

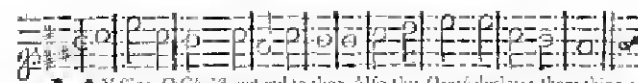
3.  
Encircle me within thine Arms,  
My Body to defend from harms:  
Preserve my wand'ring Soul from Sin,  
Both going out, and coming in.

4.  
Keep far from me a careless Heart,  
From which my Sav'our would depart:  
O Bless and prosper all my Ways  
That they may issue in thy Praise.

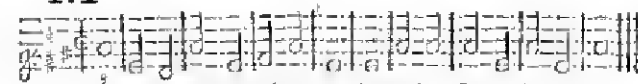
DOXOLOGY.  
Be Glory, Praise, and Honour done,  
To God the Father, and the Son,  
And to the Hbly Ghost on high,  
From Age to Age Eternally.

XXVI. *CHRIST'S Power, and Love to Man.*

*In CANON Rite & R. Tro. W. T.*



M Y Sins, O Christ, extend to thee, Alas thy Death declares them thine:



Thy Righteousness extends to me, Its precious Be-er-fts are mine.

Thy Death hath set me free from Hell,  
And makes my criminal Sins forgiv'n;  
Thy Righteousness makes me to dwell  
Eternally with thee in Heav'n:

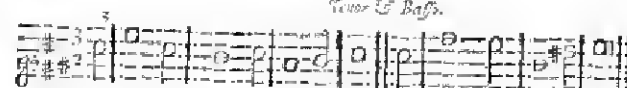
Let me O Christ, belong to thee  
Since thou gav'st Life, and A.L.I. for me.

C. C. 2 XXVII. The

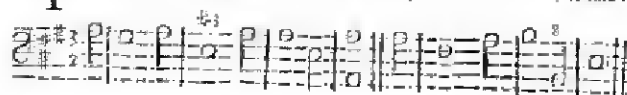
XXVII. *The Longing Soul's Desire.*

Composed in *Two Parts*. W. T.

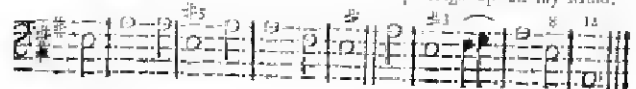
*Tenor & Bass.*



**F**ain would my *Thoughts* fly up to thee, Thy *Peace*, sweet Lord, to find :



But when I *offer*, still the *World* Lays Clogs up-on my Mind.



2.  
Sometimes, I climb a little way,  
And thence, look down below :  
How nothing there, do all things seem,  
Which here make such a show.

3.  
Then Round about, I turn my Eyes,  
To feast my hungry sight :  
I meet with *Heav'n*, in ev'ry thing,  
In ev'ry thing delight.

4.  
Guide thou my way, who only art,  
My everlasting End :  
That ev'ry step, (if swift or slow,)  
May to thy *Honour* tend.

To Father, Son, &c.

XXVIII. Op

XXVIII. *An H Y M N, on the Vanity of the World.*

To the foregoing TUNE.

1.

**I**N vain, for *Wealth*, we strive each Day,  
Which *Thieves*, and *Losses*, snatch away :  
For *Honour*, we distract the Mind  
Which is as wav'ring as the Wind.

2.

For *Pleasure*, we do break our *Rest*,  
Which turns the *Man*, to be a *Beast* !  
In vain, for *Health*, when *Sick*, we strive,  
Unless we better did survive.

3.

In vain, for *Learning*, we bestow  
Our *Parts*, neglecting what we know :  
For a *long Life*, we strive in vain,  
*Age* is a Burden, full of Pain.

4.

Our *Life*, is but one single *Breath*,  
What we *Expect*, we lose in *Death* :  
So let us *Live*, that when we *Die*,  
We may have *Bliss Eternally*.—

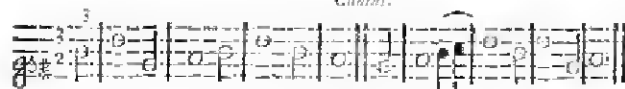
A M E N.

XXIX. A Morn-

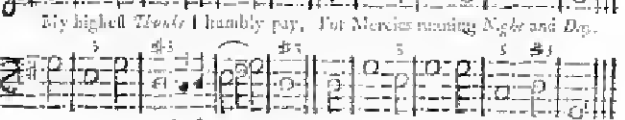
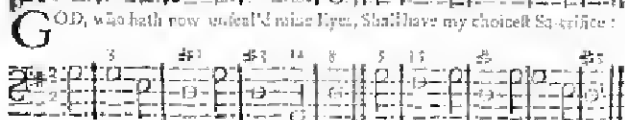
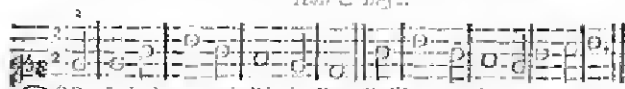
XXIX. *A Morning H Y M N.*

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

*Cantus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



2.

O Grant thy Pardon, I implore,  
And Grace, that I offend no more:  
O let thy Goodness never cease,  
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

2. A 4

3.

As thou Renewest still my Days,  
With *New* Endearments crown my ways;  
Father, with me this DAY abide,  
Be *thine* my Leader and my Guide.

4.

That I may plainly see and know  
The very Path where I should go:  
And may at Night rejoicing say,  
My God was kind to me this Day.

5.

Those GRACES which I want, supply,  
And Guard me with thy tender Eye:  
Whilst I'm on Earth, be thou my Guard, \*  
And at the Last, my great REWARD.

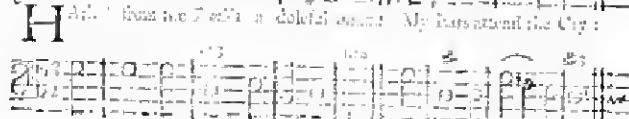
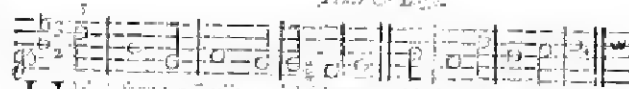
XXX. *A Funeral H Y M N.*

Composed in *Two Musical Parts.* W. T.

*Cantus.*

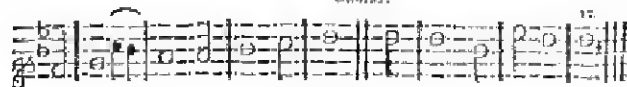


*Tenor & Bass.*

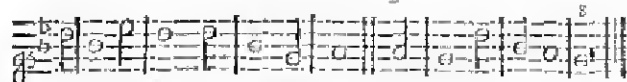


2.

*Centus.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



Ye living Men, come view the *Grand*, Where ye shall shortly lie.



2.

Princes, this *Clay* must be your *Bed*,  
In spite of all your *Pow'rs*;  
The *Tall*, the *Wise*, and *Red'ring* Head,  
Must lie as low as ours.

3.

Great God ! is this our certain Doom?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,  
And yet prepare no more ?

4.

Grant us the *Pow'rs* of Quick'ning *Grace*,  
To fit our Souls to fly:  
(When e'er we drop this dying *Flesh*,)  
To *THEE* above the Sky.

*DOXOLOGY.*

To *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,  
One undivided *Three* :  
All Highest *Praise*, all humblest *Thanks*,  
Now, and for ever be,

XXXI. *The*

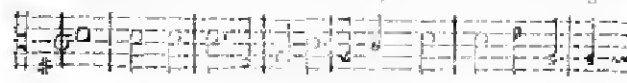
XXXI. *The Song of the Lamb.* Rev. xix.

Composed in Four Musical Parts. W. T.

*Treble, & alto.*



Great, great and mar-vellous, are all thy Works, *Lord God* All-mighty—



*Tenor & Bass.*



Great, great and mar-vellous, are all thy Works, *Lord God* All-mighty—



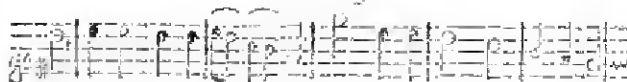
*Treble, & alto.*



ty : full and true are all thy Ways, thou King of a maze, thou King of Saints.



*Tenor & Bass.*



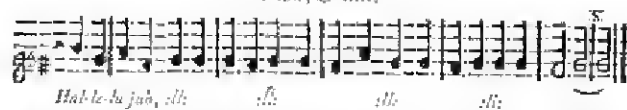
ty : full and true are all thy Ways, thou King of a maze, thou King of Saints.



D d

1st.

Continued.

Table 2. *Cont.*

<i>Mat-le-lu juò, sh:</i>	<i>sh:</i>	<i>sh:</i>	<i>sh:</i>
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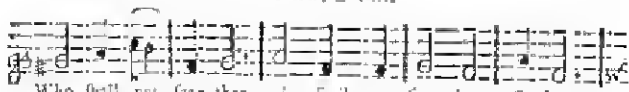
Тенз У Бафэ.



<i>Mal'ic-lyub</i>	<i>Mal'ic-lyub</i>	<i>Mal'ic-lyub</i>	<i>Mal'ic-lyub</i>
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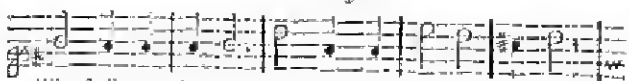
CHORUS. *Teu! & Ah!*



Who shall not fear thee, who shall not fear thee, O Lord?



*Tower & Lago.*



Who shall not fear thee, who shall not fear thee, O Lord?

And

Continued.

Treble, G. Mrs.



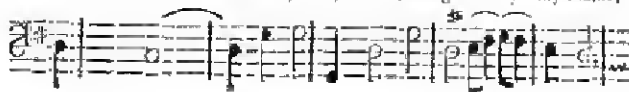
And glo-ri-fy thy, glo-ri-fy thy Name, and glo-ri-fy thy Name,



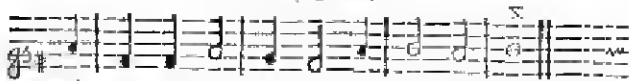
*Tiger & Rafta.*



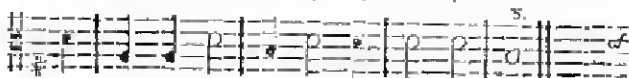
And glo—ri—fy thy Name, and glo—ri—fy thy Name.



*Table 2. (Cont.)*



and glo—ry, glo—ri—fy thy ho—ly Na—me.



$\text{Fiber} \subseteq \text{Bag}$ .



And please write my home Name.



Д. 112

## Index

[ 264 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

Continued. \

*Treble, & Alto.*



Praise the Lord, the Lord our God, and Sing Hal-le-lu-jah:

*Tenor & Bass.*



Praise the Lord, the Lord our God, and Sing Hal-le-lu-jah:

*Treble, & Alto.*



Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah.

*Tenor & Bass.*

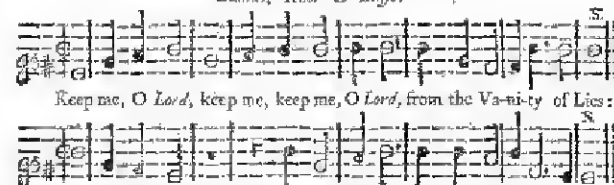


Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah.

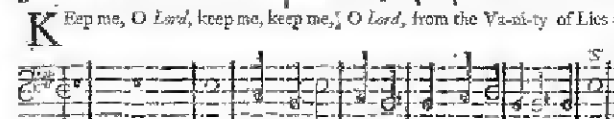
XXXII. The

*On various Occasions: Book II. [ 265 ]*  
XXXII. The PRAYER of Agur. Prov. xxx. 7.  
Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

*Cantus, Tenor & Bass.*

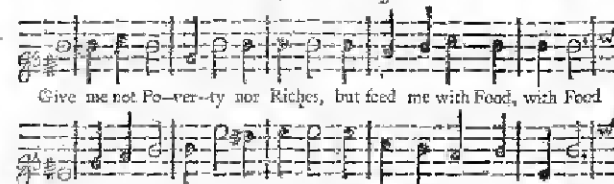


Keep me, O Lord, keep me, keep me, O Lord, from the Va-ni-ty of Lies:

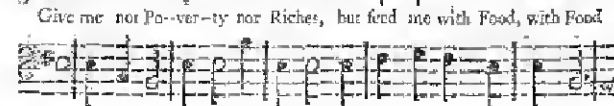


Keep me, O Lord, keep me, keep me, O Lord, from the Va-ni-ty of Lies:

*Cantus, Tenor & Bass.*



Give me not Po-ver-ty nor Riches, but feed me with Food, with Food

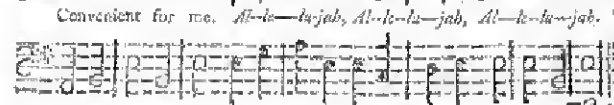


Give me not Po-ver-ty nor Riches, but feed me with Food, with Food

*Cantus, Tenor & Bass.*



Con-venient for me, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah.

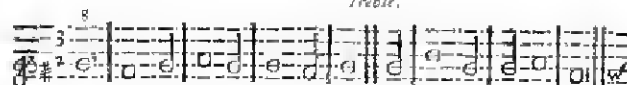


Convenient for me, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah.

XXXIII: *An H Y M N for Christmas-Day.*

Composed in *Four Parts*. W. T.

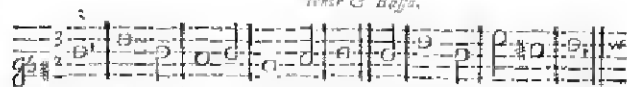
*Treble.*



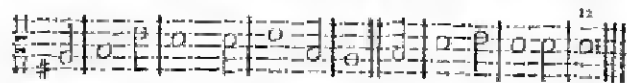
*Alto.*



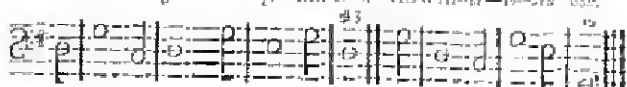
*Tenor & Bass.*



When all Mankind had by their Sins Themselves wholly un-done:



God did in great Com-pas-sion send, His W<sup>or</sup>th-ful-ly-est Son,



To

To take our <sup>2.</sup> *Nature*, and become  
A Sacrifice for Sin:  
Who made the Path to *Heav'n* plain,  
That we may enter in.

Joyn Earthly <sup>3.</sup> *Squires*, to celebrate  
The BIRTH of CHRIST, our King:  
Glad Homage pay, to HIM, who doth  
Our Great *Salvation* Bring.

Let HALLELUJAHs sound His *Praise*,  
Employ your greatest skill:  
From *Heav'n* be Peace, to Men on *Earth*,  
And unto ALL, *Good-will*.

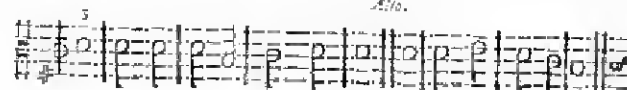
XXXIV. *An H Y M N for Easter-Day.*

Composed in *Four Parts*. W. T.

*Treble.*



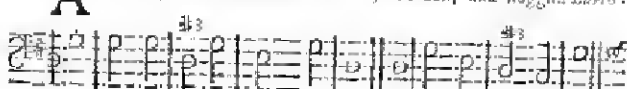
*Alto.*



*Tenor & Bass.*



A Wake my Soul, rise from this Bed, Of dust, and sluggish Earth:



Amic



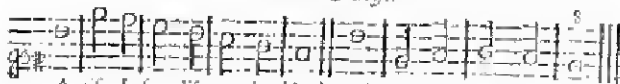
*Treble,*



*Alto,*



*Tenor & Bass,*



A-ri-se I say, lift up thy Head, and view the *Lord's* new Birth.



2.

See *Jesus* Rises, fresh and bright,  
Encircled round with *Stars* :  
Which all from Him receive their Light,  
And from His Glorious *Stars*.

3.

The *ANGELS* know again their *KING*,  
They soon His *Call* obey :  
All ye Glad *QUIRLS*, come forth, and *Sing*,  
And Crown this *Joyful Day*.

4.

Come thou, my *Soul*, let us rejoyce,  
Our joyful *Concert* bring :  
Up unto *Heav'n* let's lift our *Voice*,  
And with the *ANGELS Sing*.

To Father, Son, &c.

XXXV. *An*

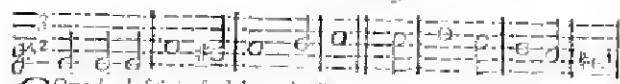
XXXV. *An* H Y M N, for Whit Sunday.

Composed in *Three Parts*. W. T.

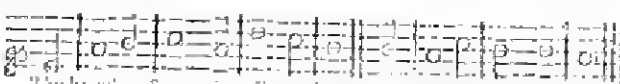
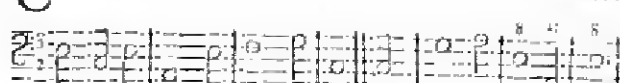
*Canto.*



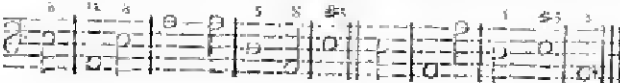
*Tenor & Bass.*



Come ho-ly Spirit, send down thy *Barns*, which flow from thee—Love :



Thy bound'ous *Store* is all our *Store*, Come fill our *Souls* with *Love*.



2.

Wash *Lord*, our sinful *Stains* away,  
Our mortal *Bruiſes* heal :  
Warm with thy *Grace* our Hearts of *Snow*,  
Our wand'ring Feet re-*veal*.

H e

3. Wash

3.

The *living Gifts* of thy good Sp'irit,  
Do thou to us impart:  
That we may feel the *Joys* of Heav'n,  
And walk with perfect heart.

4.

To *Father, Son, and HOLY GHOST,*  
One undivided *THREE :*  
All highest *Praise,* and humblest *Thanks,*  
Now and for ever be.

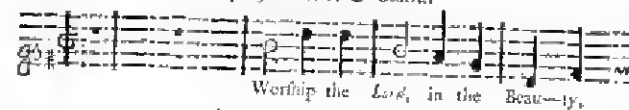


20

XXXVI. An ANTHEM, Psalm xcvi.

*Composed in Four Parts. W. T.*

(T.) *Treble, & Contra.*

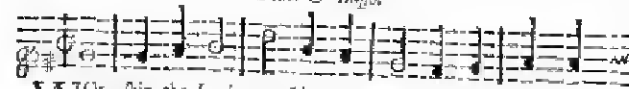


Worship the Lord, in the Beau—ty,

(T.)

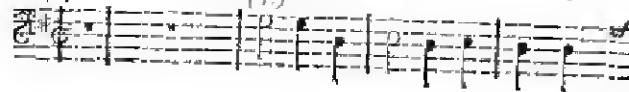


*Tenor & Bass.*



Wor—ship the Lord, wor—ship the Lord, in the Beau—ty,

(T.)



in the Beau—ty, Beau—ty of Ho—li—ness:



in the Beau—ty, Beau—ty of Ho—li—ness:



*Re.*

*in*

Continued.

*Soprano, & Contralto.*

in the Beau—ty, Beau—ty of his Ho—li—ness,

*Tenor & Bass.*

in the Beau—ty, Beau—ty of his Ho—li—ness,

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing un—to the Lord,

*(Tutti.)*

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing un—to the Lord,

*Bring*

Continued.

*Soprano, & Contralto.*

Bring Pre—sents, And come in—to his Courts:

*Piano.*

*Tenor & Bass.*

Bring Pre—sents, And come in—to his Courts:

Be tell—ing of his Sal—va—tion from day to day.

Be tell—ing of his Sal—va—tion from day to day.

*Let*

[ 214 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

Continued.

*Treble, & Contr.*

(T.)

Let the Heav'n re-joice, let the Heav'n re-joice:

*Tenor & Bass.*

Let the Heav'n re-joice, let the Heav'n re-joice:

(T.)

And let the Ear—th be glad:

And let the Ear—th be glad:

Let

*On various Occasions. Book II.* [ 215 ]

Continued.

*Treble, & Contra.*

(T.)

Let the Sea make a noise, Let the Sea make a

*Tenor & Bass.*

(T.)

Let the Sea make a noise, Let the Sea make a

(T.)

Noi—se, And all that therein is.

(T.)

Noi—se, And all that therein is.

(T.)

For

Continued.

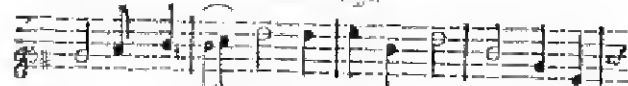
*Treble & Contra.*



For the Lord is great, the Lord is great, and can-not  
(T.)



(T.) *Tenor & Bass.*



For the Lord is great, the Lord is great, and can-not



wor—thy—ly be prai—sed, he can-not, cannot wor—thy—ly



wor—thy—ly be prai—sed, he cannot, can-not wor—thy—ly



be

Continued.

*Treble & Contra.*

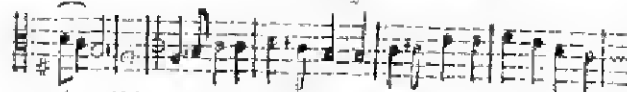


be praised.

*Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,*  
(T.)



*Tenor & Bass.*



be praised. *Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,*



(T.)

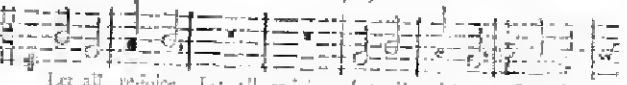
(T.)



Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all



(T.)



Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all



*ff*

*ad.*

[ 218 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

Continued.

*Treble, & Contra.*

re-joice be-fore the Lord. Worship the Lord, Worship the Lord,

*Tenor & Bass.*

CHORUS.

re-joice be-fore the Lord. Worship the Lord, worship the Lord

in the Beauty, Beauty of Ho-li-ness. Hal-le-lu-jah,

in the Beauty, Beauty of Ho-li-ness: Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-

*On various Occasions. Book II. [ 219 ]*

Continued.

*Treble, & Contra.*

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

*Tenor & Bass.*

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

XXXVI. *An ANTHEM, taken out of the 39th Psalm.*

Composed in Three Parts, W. T.

(Lamentation.)

*Contralto, Tenor & Bass.*

Hear my Prayer, O Lord, Hear my Prayer, O Lord, and with thine Ear

Hear my Prayer, O Lord, hear my Prayer, O Lord, and with thine Ear

Con.

[ 220 ] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

Continued.

Con—si—der my Calling: Hold not thy Peace at my Tears.

Con—si—der my Calling: Hold not thy Peace at my Tears.

For I am a Stranger, For I am a Stranger with thee,

For I am a Stranger, For I am a Stranger, For I am a Stranger with thee,

And a Stranger as all my Pa—thers were.

And a Stranger as all my Pa—thers were.

O spare

*On various Occasions. Book II. [ 221 ]*

CHORUS. *Canto, Treble & Bass. Continued.*

O spare me a lit-tle, O, a lit-tle, lit-tle, that I may re—

O spare me a lit-tle, O, a lit-tle, lit-tle, that I may re—

co—ver my Strength, that I may re-co—ver my Strength, be-fore

co—ver my Strength, that I may re-co—ver my Strength, be-fore

I go hence, and be no too—re-fern.

I go hence, and be no too—re-fern.

N. B. *First part of the Tenor of 1. Anthem not set by an Author unknown.*

An Alphabetical TABLE of the first BOOK,  
 shewing the Names of the several TUNES,  
 what Chapters they are adapted unto, and on  
 what Page you may find any of them.

CHAP.	TUNES Names.	Page.
1.	<b>S</b> T. Asaph's Tune. — — — —	1.
10. 22.	St. Austin's Tune — — — —	27. 82.
8. 23.	St. Bernard's Tune — — — —	22. 95.
15. 19.	St. Clement's Tune — — — —	50. 68.
12. 20.	St. David's Tune — — — —	36. 99.
4. 27.	St. Edmund's Tune — — — —	10. 103.
13.	St. Faith's Tune — — — —	41.
16. 21.	St. George's Tune — — — —	25. 77.
28.	St. Helen's Tune — — — —	107.
7. 29.	St. James's Tune — — — —	19. 112.
14. 16.	St. Katherine's Tune — — — —	45. 64.
9. 31.	St. Luke's Tune — — — —	25. 120.
5.	St. Mark's Tune — — — —	15.
23. 30.	St. Nicholas's Tune — — — —	86. 110.
5.	St. Omer's Tune — — — —	13.
3.	St. Peter's Tune — — — —	5.
6.	St. Philip's Tune — — — —	7.
14.	St. Paul's Tune — — — —	90.
12.	St. Stephen's Tune — — — —	31.
17. 20.	St. Witha's Tune — — — —	60. 72.
	The Index to the Previous — — — —	122.
	The End of the first Book. — — — —	125.

A T A.

A TABLE of the Second BOOK, shewing how  
 to find any Chapter in Solomon's SONG, HYMN,  
 ANTHEM, or CANON; By its Number, Be-  
 ginning, and Page.

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1.	<b>L</b> Et him me kiss with Kisses Sweet — —	131
2.	I am the Rose of Sharon, and — —	134
3.	By Night, upon my Bed, I sought — —	137
4.	Behold thou'rt fair, my love, thou hast — —	140
5.	I'm come, my Sister, and my Spouse! — —	143
6.	O where is my Beloved gone? — —	146
7.	How comely are thy Feet, with Shoes! — —	148
8.	O that thou as my Brother wast! — —	150
	The Index. — —	154.

# E R R A T A.

BOOK I. p. 1. the 15th Note of the Tune should be in the upper Space. p. 6. v. 2. for  
 22. v. 2. for you, read ye. p. 8. the 15th Note of the Tune should be in the upper Space next above  
 the middle Line, and the 14th on the 14. Line than the Top. p. 44. for fulfilled, read fulfil-  
 led. p. 10. for 14, read 15. p. 64. v. 2. for Spoke, read Spoke's name. the 25th  
 Note of the Tune should be in the upper Space next above the middle Line. p. 66. v. 14. line 1. omit  
 the Word, v. p. 82. v. 12. for Justice, v. of Justice. p. 127. v. 10. for this, read there.  
 p. 127. v. 10. for vice, read vice. Book II. p. 157. v. 6. in the Margin, for her, read him. p.  
 159. for Witha, read Witha. p. 164. v. 9. for was, read were. p. 122. v. 4. line 3. for  
 20. v. 10. for the last line of the Tune should be on the upper Line. p. 172. the  
 20. v. 10. for the last line of the Tune should be on the middle Line. p. 174. v. 2. for my, read By.

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*An Alphabetical Table of all the HYMNS, ANTHEMS,  
and CANONS included in the Second Book.*

N <sup>o</sup> .	Beginnings,	Page.
5.	<b>A</b> Mazing change, I no wonder that we dread	161.
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34.	Awake my Soul, rise from this Bed, —	207.
12.	Be all devoted unto God, —	170.
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10.	Can I cease my God, from <i>Singing</i> ? —	189.
16.	Come, mild and Holy Dove, —	177.
18.	Change me, in ev'ry part, O Dove, —	181.
35.	Come holy Spirit, send down thy Beams,	209.
27.	Fain would my Thoughts rise up to thee, —	196.
19.	Give me thy Love, I ask no more, —	183.
29.	God, who hath now unseal'd mine Eyes, —	198.
31.	Great, Great and Marvellous are —	201.
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30.	I Lark ' from the Tomb's a doleful sound, —	199.
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11.	I nothing am, I nothing have, —	170.
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3.	Let ev'ry mortal <i>praise</i> the Lord, —	160.
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21.	When thou by Fiends art hard beset, —	187.
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